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[JAMES HOLMES, TOOK'S COURT.]

## REVIEWS

*Miscellanies.* By the author of the Sketch-Book. No. III. *Legends of the Conquest of Spain.* Murray.

Washington Irving is not an old man, and he is already a voluminous author. He has written much, and he has written well, and is a favourite on both sides of the Atlantic. We remember with what surprise and pleasure we gazed when he lifted the veil from the terra incognita of New York, and displayed its ancient people, emblazoned with their manners and customs: nor was our pleasure the less, when he crossed the sea, and, in his inimitable Sketch-Book, depicted, with a delicate hand, the places hallowed by British fancy and history. His account of the Tabard Inn fell upon us as a spark falls on gunpowder—out we sallied, penetrated into the obscurities of Southwark, and, with an ale-cup in one hand, and the Sketch-Book in the other, sat for an hour, and mused in the court of old Chaucer's Inn, and were the better for it. Since those days, the author has courted public notice by many fine works; and, though he no longer surprises us, we cannot but feel that he continues to handle his subjects with an ease and a delicacy rare even in England, and rarer still in his native land. He has been accused of having offered the cream of his fancy in his earlier works, and, perhaps, this may be said of most men of genius: he is probably more anxious about the elegance than the vigour of his language, and we observe, here and there in the work before us, a desire to go as far as his materials will permit him—to make incidents more striking, and conversations more emphatic.

If we were not of those who know how much Irving was charmed with the lovely land and lovelier women of Spain, and how deep the romance of the country entered his heart, we should have discovered it in the Legend of Don Roderick. It is true, that the subject has been handled by other master spirits: Scott in Don Roderick—Southey in Roderick, the Last of the Goths—Lockhart in his fine Spanish and Moorish ballads—and Gibbon in his Decline and Fall, have given us much of both the poetry and history of that remarkable period: yet more than half the legendary harvest seems to have been left unreaped for the transatlantic sickle of our friend. "In the following pages," he says, "the author has ventured to dip more deeply into the enchanted fountains of old Spanish chronicle, than has usually been done by those who, in modern times, have treated of the eventful period of the Conquest. All the facts herein contained, however extravagant some of them may be deemed, will be found in the works of sage and reverend chroniclers of yore, growing side by side with long acknowledged truths, and might be supported by learned and imposing references in the margin." In our sober and calculating times, the deeds of

the Moors in Spain will appear more like the exploits of inspired madmen, than of cool and practised warriors. But such, we apprehend, will the achievements of enthusiastic genius always look in the eyes of the bulk of mankind; and we must remember, too, that the Moslem soldier looked on the road to battle as the way to bliss, and was bribed to glory by the assurance of paradise, and the company of the dark-eyed daughters of the sky.

The volume, we have intimated, records the subjugation of Spain by the Moors: the principal actors are Roderick, Count Julian and his daughter, and Muza and Taric, the Arabian leaders. Our readers, whether fair or otherwise, would tax us with being remiss, did we neglect to place before them the picture of Florida, the lady whose fatal charms were the ruin of her country and kindred—here it is, fresh from the hand of a skilful artist:—

"The beautiful daughter of Count Julian was received with great favour by the queen Exilona, and admitted among the noble damsels that attended upon her person. Here she lived in honour and apparent security, and surrounded by innocent delights. To gratify his queen, Don Roderick had built for her rural recreation a palace without the walls of Toledo, on the banks of the Tagus. It stood in the midst of a garden, adorned after the luxurious style of the East. The air was perfumed by fragrant shrubs and flowers; the groves resounded with the song of the nightingale; while the gush of fountains and waterfalls, and the distant murmur of the Tagus, made it a delightful retreat during the sultry days of summer. The charm of perfect privacy also reigned throughout the place; for the garden walls were high, and numerous guards kept watch without to protect it from all intrusion."

"One sultry day, the king, instead of taking his siesta, or mid-day slumber, repaired to this apartment to seek the society of the queen. In passing through a small oratory, he was drawn by the sound of female voices to a casement overhung with myrtles and jessamines. It looked into an interior garden, or court, set out with orange trees, in the midst of which was a marble fountain, surrounded by a grassy bank enamelled with flowers.

"It was the high noon of a summer day, when, in sultry Spain, the landscape trembles to the eye, and all nature seeks repose, except the grasshopper, that pipes his lulling note to the herdsman as he sleeps beyond the shade.

"Around the fountain were several of the damsels of the queen, who, confident of the sacred privacy of the place, were yielding in that cool retreat to the indulgence prompted by the season and the hour. Some lay asleep on the flowery bank; others sat on the margin of the fountain, talking and laughing, as they bathed their feet in its limpid waters, and King Roderick beheld delicate limbs shining through the wave, that might rival the marble in whiteness.

"Among the damsels was one who had come from the Barbary coast with the queen. Her complexion had the dark tinge of Mauritania, but it was clear and transparent, and the deep rich rose blushed through the lovely brown.

Her eyes were black and full of fire, and flashed from under long silken eyelashes.

"A sportive contest arose among the maidens, as to the comparative beauty of the Spanish and Moorish forms: but the Mauritanian damsel revealed limbs of voluptuous symmetry that seemed to defy all rivalry.

"The Spanish beauties were on the point of giving up the contest, when they bethought themselves of the young Florida, the daughter of Count Julian, who lay on the grassy bank, abandoned to a summer slumber. The soft glow of youth and health mantled on her cheek; her fringed eyelashes scarcely covered their sleeping orbs; her moist and ruby lips were lightly parted, just revealing a gleam of her ivory teeth; while her innocent bosom rose and fell beneath her boddice, like the gentle swelling and sinking of a tranquil sea. There was a breathing tenderness and beauty in the sleeping virgin, that seemed to send forth sweetness like the flowers around her.

"Behold," cried her companions exultingly, "the champion of Spanish beauty!"

"In their playful eagerness they half disrobed the innocent Florida before she was aware. She awoke in time, however, to escape from their busy hands; but enough of her charms had been revealed to convince the monarch that they were not to be rivalled by the rarest beauties of Mauritania.

"From this day the heart of Roderick was inflamed with a fatal passion. He gazed on the beautiful Florida with fervid desire, and sought to read in her looks whether there was levity or wantonness in her bosom; but the eye of the damsel ever sunk beneath his gaze, and remained bent on the earth in virgin modesty.

"It was in vain he called to mind the sacred trust reposed in him by Count Julian, and the promise he had given to watch over his daughter with paternal care; his heart was vitiated by sensual indulgence, and the consciousness of power had rendered him selfish in his gratifications.

"Being one evening in the garden where the queen was diverting herself with her damsels, and coming to the fountain where he beheld the innocent maidens at their sport, he could no longer restrain the passion that raged within his breast. Seating himself beside the fountain, he called Florida to him to draw forth a thorn which had pierced his hand. The maiden knelt at his feet, to examine his hand, and the touch of her slender fingers thrilled through his veins. As she knelt, too, her amber locks fell in rich ringlets about her beautiful head, her innocent bosom palpitated beneath the crimson boddice, and her timid blushes increased the effulgence of her charms."

Of the righteous wrath, and unrighteous treason of the Count—of the coming of the conquering Arabians—and the all but miraculous deeds of the Moorish and Spanish Cavaliers, we mean to say nothing, because to most of our readers the leading events of the Conquest are well known: not so, perhaps, the history of the fall of Julian and his family; it is thus related by the author, on the authority of documents which he examined during his residence in Spain:—

"As yet everything had prospered with Count Julian. He had gratified his vengeance; he had been successful in his treason, and had

acquired countless riches from the ruin of his country. But it is not outward success that constitutes prosperity. The tree flourishes with fruit and foliage while blasted and withering at the heart. Wherever he went, Count Julian read hatred in every eye. The Christians cursed him as the cause of all their woe; the Moslems despised and distrusted him as a traitor. Men whispered together as he approached, and then turned away in scorn; and mothers snatched away their children with horror if he offered to caress them. He withered under the execration of his fellow men: and last, and worst of all, he began to loathe himself. He tried in vain to persuade himself that he had but taken a justifiable vengeance; he felt that no personal wrong can justify the crime of treason to one's country.

"For a time, he sought in luxurious indulgence to soothe, or forget, the miseries of the mind. He assembled round him every pleasure and gratification that boundless wealth could purchase; but all in vain. He had no relish for the dainties of his board; music had no charm wherewith to lull his soul, and remorse drove slumber from his pillow. He sent to Ceuta for his wife Frandina, his daughter Florinda, and his youthful son Alarbot; hoping in the bosom of his family to find that sympathy and kindness which he could no longer meet with in the world. Their presence, however, brought him no alleviation. Florinda, the daughter of his heart, for whose sake he had undertaken this signal vengeance, was sinking a victim to its effects. Wherever she went, she found herself a bye-word of shame and reproach. The outrage she had suffered was imputed to her as wantonness, and her calamity was magnified into a crime. The Christians never mentioned her name without a curse, and the Moslems, the gainers by her misfortune, spoke of her only by the appellation of Cava, the vilest epithet they could apply to woman.

"But the opprobrium of the world was nothing to the upbraiding of her own heart. She charged herself with all the miseries of these disastrous wars; the deaths of so many gallant cavaliers; the conquest and perdition of her country. The anguish of her mind preyed upon the beauty of her person. Her eye, once soft and tender in its expression, became wild and haggard; her cheek lost its bloom, and became hollow and pallid; and at times there was desperation in her words. When her father sought to embrace her, she withdrew with shuddering from his arms; for she thought of his treason, and the ruin it had brought upon Spain. Her wretchedness increased after her return to her native country, until it rose to a degree of frenzy. One day, when she was walking with her parents in the garden of their palace, she entered a tower, and, having barred the door, ascended to the battlements. From thence she called to them in piercing accents, expressive of her insupportable anguish and desperate determination. 'Let this city,' said she, 'be henceforth called Malacca, in memorial of the most wretched of women, who therein put an end to her days.' So saying, she threw herself headlong from the tower, and was dashed to pieces. The city, adds the ancient chronicler, received the name thus given it, though afterwards softened to Malaga, which it still retains, in memory of the tragical end of Florinda.

"The Countess Frandina abandoned this scene of woe, and returned to Ceuta, accompanied by her infant son. She took with her the remains of her unfortunate daughter, and gave them honourable sepulture in a mausoleum of the chapel belonging to the citadel. Count Julian departed for Carthage, where he remained plunged in horror at this doleful event.

"About this time, the cruel Suleiman, having destroyed the family of Muza, had sent an Arab

general, named Alahor, to succeed Abdalasis as emir or governor of Spain. The new emir was of a cruel and suspicious nature, and commenced his sway with a stern severity that soon made those under his command look back with regret to the easy rule of Abdalasis. He regarded with an eye of distrust the renegade Christians who had aided in the conquest, and who bore arms in the service of the Moslems; but his deepest suspicions fell upon Count Julian. 'He has been a traitor to his own countrymen,' said he, 'how can we be sure that he will not prove traitor to us?' \* \* \*

"Alahor hastened to Carthage, to seize upon Count Julian. So rapid were his movements that the count had barely time to escape with fifteen cavaliers, with whom he took refuge in the strong castle of Marcuello, among the mountains of Arragon. The emir, enraged to be disappointed of his prey, embarked at Carthage, and crossed the straits to Ceuta, to make captives of the Countess Frandina and her son. \* \* \*

"Now, so it happened, that the Countess Frandina was seated late at night in her chamber in the citadel of Ceuta, which stands on a lofty rock, overlooking the sea. She was revolving, in gloomy thought, the late disasters of her family, when she heard a mournful noise, like that of the sea breeze, moaning about the castle walls. Raising her eyes, she beheld her brother, the Bishop Oppas, at the entrance of the chamber. She advanced to embrace him, but he forbade her with a motion of his hand; and she observed that he was ghastly pale, and that his eyes glared as with lambent flames.

"'Touch me not, sister,' said he with a mournful voice, 'lest thou be consumed by the fire which rages within me. Guard well thy son, for blood-hounds are upon his track. His innocence might have secured him the protection of heaven, but our crimes have involved him in our common ruin.' He ceased to speak, and was no longer to be seen. His coming and going were alike without noise, and the door of the chamber remained fast bolted. \* \* \*

"Alahor immediately ordered the city to be assailed on every side, and at length carried it by storm. The countess took refuge with her forces in the citadel, and made a desperate defence; but the walls were sapped and mined, and she saw that all resistance would soon be unavailing. Her only thoughts now were to conceal her child. \* \* \*

"When the countess beheld that her child was discovered, she rushed into the presence of Alahor, and, forgetting all her pride, threw herself upon her knees before him.

"'Mercy! mercy!' cried she, in piercing accents, 'mercy on my son—my only child! O emir! listen to a mother's prayer, and my lips shall kiss thy feet. As thou art merciful to him, so may the most high God have mercy upon thee, and heap blessings on thy head!'

"'Bear that frantic woman hence,' said the emir, 'but guard her well.'

"The countess was dragged away by the soldiery, without regard to her struggles and her cries, and confined in a dungeon of the citadel.

"The child was now brought to the emir. He had been awakened by the tumult, but gazed fearfully on the stern countenances of the soldiers. Had the heart of the emir been capable of pity, it would have been touched by the tender youth and innocent beauty of the child; but his heart was as the nether millstone, and he was bent upon the destruction of the whole family of Julian. Calling to him the astrologer, he gave the child into his charge with a secret command. The withered son of the desert took the boy by the hand, and led him up the winding staircase of a tower. When they reached the summit, Yuza placed him on the battlements.

"'Cling not to me, my child,' said he; 'there is no danger.' 'Father, I fear not,' said the undaunted boy; 'yet it is a wondrous height!'

"The child looked around with delighted eyes. The breeze blew his curling locks from about his face, and his cheek glowed at the boundless prospect; for the tower was reared upon that lofty promontory on which Hercules founded one of his pillars. The surges of the sea were heard far below beating upon the rocks, the sea-gull screamed and wheeled about the foundations of the tower, and the sails of lofty caraccas were as mere specks on the bosom of the deep.

"'Dost thou know yonder land beyond the blue water?' said Yuza.

"'It is Spain,' replied the boy; 'it is the land of my father and my mother.'

"'Then stretch forth thy hands and bless it, my child,' said the astrologer.

"The boy let go his hold of the wall, and, as he stretched forth his hands, the aged son of Ishmael, exerting all the strength of his withered limbs, suddenly pushed him over the battlements. He fell headlong from the top of that tall tower, and not a bone in his tender frame but was crushed upon the rocks beneath.

"Alahor came to the foot of the winding stairs. 'Is the boy safe?' cried he.

"'He is safe,' replied Yuza, 'come and behold the truth with thine own eyes.'

"The emir ascended the tower and looked over the battlements, and beheld the body of the child, a shapeless mass, on the rocks far below, and the sea-gulls hovering about it; and he gave orders that it should be thrown into the sea, which was done.

"On the following morning, the countess was led forth from her dungeon into the public square. She knew of the death of her child, and that her own death was at hand; but she neither wept nor supplicated. Her hair was dishevelled, her eyes were haggard with watching, and her cheek was as the monumental stone; but there were the remains of commanding beauty in her countenance; and the majesty of her presence awed even the rabble into respect.

"A multitude of Christian prisoners were then brought forth; and Alahor cried out—'Behold the wife of Count Julian; behold one of that traitorous family which has brought ruin upon yourselves and upon your country.' And he ordered that they should stone her to death. But the Christians drew back with horror from the deed, and said—'In the hand of God is vengeance, let not her blood be upon our heads.' Upon this the emir swore, with horrid imprecations, that whoever of the captives refused should himself be stoned to death. So the cruel order was executed, and the Countess Frandina perished by the hands of her countrymen. Having thus accomplished his barbarous errand, the emir embarked for Spain, and ordered the citadel of Ceuta to be set on fire, and crossed the straits at night by the light of its towering flames.

"The death of Count Julian, which took place not long after, closed the tragic story of his family. How he died remains involved in doubt. Some assert that the cruel Alahor pursued him to his retreat among the mountains, and, having taken him prisoner, beheaded him; others that the Moors confined him in a dungeon, and put an end to his life with lingering torments; while others affirm that the tower of the castle of Marcuello, near Huesca, in Arragon, in which he took refuge, fell on him and crushed him to pieces. All agree that his latter end was miserable in the extreme, and his death violent."

We wish that the author would do as much for America as he is doing for Spain.

The lives of some of the half-military and the wholly devout settlers; the adventures of the Indian Chiefs; nay, the strife in which a half-armed and half-mutinuous body of militia—for such was the army of Washington—foiled the veteran and disciplined legions of Britain, and established a splendid republic, would make a work of several volumes—a work wherein he would be at home, and which could not be otherwise than welcome to the world.

*Rienzi, the Last of the Tribunes.* By the Author of 'Eugene Aram.'

[Second Notice.]

LAST week, when, at the eleventh hour, we were unexpectedly called on to offer some, though few, remarks on this new romance, we felt that it was a service of haste and hardship; yet now, when we have abundant leisure, and are only required to state the results of a deliberate judgment, we do not find the difficulties much less perplexing. To string together high-sounding words and gay epithets, is far more easy than to praise with discrimination and understanding.

If we have been chary of commendation, and extreme in raising objections to some of Mr. Bulwer's former works, we were mainly influenced by the high estimation in which we held his natural powers and endowments, and our proportionate impatience of any blemish which should prevent their coming to full and perfect maturity. Now, however, the days of reservation are over. Mr. Bulwer has cast off the egotism and the petulance, which distinguished and marred his early writings. It would seem as if the very air which breathes over lands of classic song and story had allayed the fever of a spirit made sensitive and scornful perhaps by too close a communion with the narrow world around him, and, leaving all its energy and poetry in their first freshness, had subdued its irritability—we hope for ever! Thus, while we only regarded his earlier novels as *indications*—however superior to the mature productions of most men—we look upon his two last—upon the present one especially—as complete and excellent. We have indeed read '*Rienzi*' with equal pride and pleasure,—for what further may we not expect from him who has already done so much to justify the diviner nature within him, and in place of exhausting the stores of his mind with short-sighted thriftlessness, appears to be increasing and enriching them every day by new and precious acquisitions!

It will not surprise us, however, if the romance before us do not rise at once to the popularity of its predecessors: it is too high-toned, too exquisitely finished in its texture, to be thoroughly appreciated at a first, and perhaps hasty, perusal; and it contains no characters so fascinating as the blind flower-girl of Pompeii, and the refined joyous Grecian lover—the manly-hearted affectionate Lydon,—nor scenes which come up in gorgeousness and breathless interest to those which close that brilliant romance. Not that picturesque characters are here wanting, as witness the Provençal Knight and his lady-love Adeline—sweet thoughts of whom beguile the last earthly hours of his lawless ambitious career—neither is '*Rienzi*' deficient in *scenes*: those of the Plague in Florence are of fearful power; and there is, to judge by our feelings, something of rivet-

ing interest in the fate which dogs the hero to the last moment of his life—implied rather than traced out—in the few scattered fragments of incident, which, however, are sufficient to remind us that the story is laid in those days when auguries, and conjurations, and portents had not quite lost their ancient authority. But, beyond all these, and above them, is the mind which has animated the author in delineating the hero—a mind too large and deep to be fully comprehended at a first or a second glance. Mr. Bulwer has done wisely in leaving the *properties* of feudal life, comparatively speaking, untouched; we are "a thousand strong" in those who know how to marshal processions, and equip knights, and order banquets. Neither is it very difficult to collect from old chroniclers such fragments of costume and dialogue as may make our modern puppets look like the proud paladins and bright ladies of any given century. But it required a master genius to trace out the career of such a spirit as *Rienzi*'s. Mr. Bulwer has thrown himself upon the task boldly, and discharged it nobly. The events of the Tribune's life have been followed with exactness—one of them, revenge for the assassination of his younger brother, as an enduring spring of his ambition, we would have touched somewhat more lightly: neither is it historically proved. Then, how distinct and characteristic are the pictures shown us of patrician and plebeian life!—of the Orsini and Colonnas, and, best of all, *Rienzi*'s wife, glorious alike in her sumptuous and haughty pride, and in the passionate love she bears to her husband,—a love which sweetens his private hours, redeems his fortunes, and leaves him not, in the hour of death and desolation, without a joy and a consolation—and of Cecco del Vecchio, the burly smith, with his obstinate, ignorant, enthusiastic liberalism: and the yet meaner crew who cheer on their deliverer, and then "turn again and rend him," so soon as he refuses to be their instrument, as well as their leader. We must make room for the following specimen of their talk; they are assembled at the foot of the Capitol to listen to the interpretation of the allegorical picture there exhibited:—

"Before the market-place, and at the foot of the Capitol, an immense crowd was assembled. Each man sought to push before his neighbour; each struggled to gain access to one particular spot, round which the crowd was wedged thick and dense.

"*Corpo di Dio!*" said a man of huge stature, pressing onward, like some bulky ship casting the noisy waves right and left from its stern, 'this is hot work; but for what, in the Holy Mother's name, do ye crowd so? see you not, Sir Ribald, that my right arm is disabled, swathed, and bandaged, so that I cannot help myself better than a baby? and yet you push against me as if I were an old wall!'

"Ah, Cecco del Vecchio! what, man! we must make way for you—you are too small and tender to bustle through a crowd! Come, I will protect you!" said a dwarf of some four feet high, glancing up at the giant.

"Faith," said the grim smith, looking round on the mob, who laughed loud at the dwarf's proffer, "we all do want protection, big and small. What do you laugh for, ye apes?—ay, you don't understand parables."

"And yet it is a parable we are come to gaze upon," said one of the mob, with a slight sneer.

"Pleasant day to you, Signor Baroncelli," answered Cecco del Vecchio, "you are a good man, and love the people: it makes one's

heart smile to see you. What's all this pother for?"

"Why the Pope's Notary hath set up a great picture in the market-place, and the gapers say it relates to Rome; so they are melting their brains out, this hot day, to guess at the riddle."

"Ho, ho!" said the smith, pushing on so vigorously that he left the speaker suddenly in the rear, 'if Cola di Rienzi hath aught in the matter, I would break through stone rocks to get to it.'

"Much good will a dead daub do us," said Baroncelli, sourly, and turning to his neighbours; but no man listened to him, and he, a would-be demagogue, gnawed his lip in envy.

"Amidst half-awed groans and curses from the men whom he jostled aside, and open objurcations and shrill cries from the women, to whose robes and head-gear he showed as little respect, the sturdy smith won his way to a space fenced round by chains, in the centre of which was placed a huge picture.

"How came it hither?" cried one, 'I was first at the market.'

"We found it here at day-break," said a vender of fruit: 'no one was by.'

"But why do you fancy *Rienzi* had a hand in it?"

"Why, who else could?" answered twenty voices.

"True! Who else?" echoed the gaunt smith. 'I dare be sworn the good man spent the whole night in painting it himself. Blood of St. Peter! but it is mighty fine! What is it about?'

"That's the riddle," said a meditative fish-woman; 'if I could make it out I should die happy.'

"It is something about liberty and taxes no doubt," said Luigi, the butcher, leaning over the chains. 'Ah, if *Rienzi* were minded, every poor man would have his bit of meat in his pot.'

"And as much bread as he could eat," added a pale baker.

"Chut! bread and meat—everybody has that now!—but, what wine the poor folks drink! One has no encouragement to take pains with one's vineyard," said a vine-dresser.

"Ho, hallo!—long life to Pandolfo di Guido! make way for master Pandolfo; he is a learned man; he is a friend of the great Notary's; he will tell us all about the picture! make way, there—make way!"

We are perplexed what passage to choose next. *Rienzi*'s vigil of arms is excellently well described, but it is hardly separable from the rest of the story; and the description of the tremendous pestilence, already made immortal by the pen of Boccaccio, is too ghastly to be welcomed in our columns. Here is a glowing procession scene: *Rienzi*'s return after his seven years of captivity:—

"All Rome was astir!—from St. Angelo to the Capitol, windows, balconies, roofs, were crowded with animated thousands. Only here and there, in the sullen quarters of the Colonna, the Orsini, and the Savelli, reigned a death-like solitude and a dreary gloom. In those fortifications, rather than streets, was not even heard the accustomed tread of the barbarian sentinel. The gates closed—the casements barred—the grim silence around—attested the absence of the Barons. They had left the city so soon as they had learnt of the certain approach of *Rienzi*. In the villages and castles of the Campagna, surrounded by their mercenaries, they awaited the hour when the people, weary of their idol, should welcome back even these ferocious Iconoclasts.

"With these exceptions, all Rome was astir! Triumphant arches of drapery, wrought with gold and silver, raised at every principal vista, were inscribed with mottoes of welcome and rejoicing.



At frequent intervals stood youths and maidens with baskets of flowers and laurels. High above the assembled multitudes—from the proud tower of Hadrian—from the turrets of the Capitol—from the spires of the sacred buildings dedicated to Apostle and to Saint—floated banners as for a victory. Rome once more opened her arms to receive her Tribune!

"Mingled with the crowd—disguised by his large mantle—hidden by the pressure of the throng—his person, indeed, forgotten by most—and, in the confusion of the moment, heeded by none—stood Adrian Colonna! He had not been able to conquer his interest for the brother of Irene. Solitary amidst his fellow-citizens, he stood—the only one of the proud race of Colonna who witnessed the triumph of the darling of the people.

"They say he has grown large in his prison," said one of the bystanders—"he was lean enough when he came by daybreak out of the church of St. John of Lateran!"

"Ay," said another, a little man with a shrewd, restless eye—"they say truly; I saw him take leave of the Legate."

"Every eye was turned to the last speaker; he became at once a personage of importance. 'Yes,' continued the little man with an elated and pompous air—"as soon, d'ye see, as he had prevailed on Messere Brettone, and Messere Arimbald, the brothers of Frà Moreale, to accompany him from Perugia to Monte Fiascone, he went at once to the Legate D'Albornoz, who was standing in the open air conversing with his captains. A crowd followed. I was one of them; and the Tribune nodded at me—aye, that did he!—and so, with his scarlet cloak and his scarlet cap, he faced the proud Cardinal with a pride greater than his own. 'Though your Eminence,' said he, 'accords me neither money nor arms, to meet the dangers of the road, and brave the ambush of the Barons, I am prepared to depart. Senator of Rome, his Holiness hath made me: according to custom, I demand your Eminence forthwith to confirm the rank.' I would you could have seen how the proud Spaniard stared, and blushed, and frowned; but he bit his lip, and said little."

"And confirmed Rienzi Senator?"

"Yes; and blessed him, and bade him depart."

"Senator!" said a grim and grizzled giant with folded arms—"I like not a title that has been borne by a patrician. I fear me, in the new title he will forget the old."

"Fie, Cecco del Vecchio, you were always a grumbler!" said a merchant of cloth, whose commodity the ceremonial had put in great request—"fie!—for my part, I think Senator a less new-fangled title than Tribune. I hope there will be feasting enow, at last. Rome has been long dull. *Deh!*—a bad time for trade, I warrant me!"

"The crowd became hushed—then murmuring—then hushed again. From balcony and casement stretched the neck of every gazer. The tramp of steeds was heard at a distance—the sound of clarion and trumpet; then gleaming through the distant curve of the streets, was seen the wave of the gonfalons—then the glitter of spears—and then from the whole multitude, as of one voice, the shout—"He comes! he comes!"

Adrian shrunk yet more backward amongst the throng; and leaning against the walls of one of the houses, contemplated the approaching pageant.

"First came, six abreast, the procession of Roman horsemen who had gone forth to meet the Senator, bearing boughs of olive in their hands: each hundred preceded by banners, inscribed with the words, 'Liberty and Peace restored.' As these passed the group by Adrian, each more popular citizen of the cavalcade was

recognised and received with loud shouts. By the garb and equipment of the horsemen, Adrian saw that they belonged chiefly to the traders of Rome, a race who, he well knew, unless strangely altered, valued liberty only as a commercial speculation—"A vain support these," thought the Colonna—"what next?" On, then, came in glittering armour the German mercenaries, hired by the gold of the Brothers of Provence, in number two hundred and fifty, and previously in the pay of Malatesta of Rimini;—tall, stern, sedate, disciplined,—eyeing the crowd, with a look, half of barbarian wonder, half of insolent disdain. No shout of gratulation welcomed these sturdy strangers: it was evident that their aspect cast a chill over the assembly.

"Shame!" growled Cecco del Vecchio audibly. "Has the people's friend need of the swords which guard an Orsini or a Malatesta?—shame!"

"No voice this time silenced the huge malcontent."

"His only real defence against the Barons," thought Adrian, "if he pay them well! But their number is not sufficient!"

"Next came two hundred fantassins, or foot soldiers, of Tuscan, with the corselets and arms of the heavy-armed soldiery—a gallant company, and whose cheerful looks and familiar bearing appeared to sympathize with the crowd. And in truth they did so—for they were Tuscans, and therefore lovers of freedom. In them, too, the Romans seemed to recognise natural and legitimate allies,—and there was a general '*Viva*' for the brave Tuscans!"

"Poor defence!" thought the more sagacious Colonna—"The Barons can awe, and the mob corrupt them."

"Next came a file of trumpeters and standard-bearers;—and now the sound of the music was drowned by shouts, that seemed to shake the old seven-hilled city to her centre. '*Rienzi! Rienzi!*—welcome, welcome! Liberty and Rienzi! Rienzi and the good State!' Flowers dropped on his path, kerchiefs and banners waved from every house;—tears might be seen coursing, unheeded, down bearded cheeks;—youth and age were kneeling together, with uplifted hands, invoking blessings on the head of the Restored. On he came, the Senator-Tribune—"the *Phoenix to his pyre*,"

Robed in crimson, that literally blazed with gold, his proud head bared in the sun, and bending to the saddle bow, Rienzi passed slowly through the throng. Not in the flush of that hour were visible, on his glorious countenance, the signs of disease and care: the very enlargement of his proportions gave a greater majesty to his mien. Hope sparkled in his eye—triumph and empire sat upon his brow. The crowd could not contain themselves; they pressed forward, each upon each, anxious to catch the glance of his eye, to touch the hem of his robe. He himself was deeply affected by their joy. He halted; with faltering and broken words, he attempted to address them, "I am repaid," he said—"repaid for all;—may I live to make you happy!"

We were half inclined to give the banquet of Walter de Montreal, but there is a scene towards the close of the story, which has moved us yet more strongly, and, as the catastrophe is already familiar to our readers, we shall not forestall their pleasure, by showing them how nobly it is managed. Rienzi, it will be recollected, was betrayed and deserted by his guards—his faithful wife alone remaining to him. He resolved upon addressing the crowd assembled for his destruction.

"The balcony on which Rienzi had alighted was that from which he had been accustomed to address the people—it communicated with a vast hall used on solemn occasions for State fes-

tivals—and on either side were square projecting towers, whose grated casements looked into the balcony. One of these towers was devoted to the armoury, the other contained the prison of Brettone, the brother of Montreal. Beyond the latter tower was the general prison of the Capitol. For then the prison and the palace were in awful neighbourhood.

"The windows of the hall were yet open—and Rienzi passed into it from the balcony—the witness of the day's banquet was still there—the wine yet undried, crimsoned the floor, and goblets of gold and silver shone from the recesses. He proceeded at once to the armoury, and selected from the various suits, that which he himself had worn when nearly eight years ago he had chased the Barons from the gates of Rome. He arrayed himself in the mail, leaving only his head uncovered; and then taking, in his right hand, from the wall, the great Gonfalon of Rome, returned once more to the hall. Not a man encountered him. In that vast building, save the prisoners, and one faithful heart whose presence he knew not of—the Senator was alone.

"On they came, no longer in measured order, as stream after stream—from lane, from alley, from palace and from hovel—the raging sea received new additions. On they came—their passions excited by their numbers—women and men, children and malignant age—in all the awful array of aroused, released, unresisted physical strength and brutal wrath: 'Death to the traitor—death to the tyrant—death to him who has taxed the people!'—'*Mora l'laditore che ha fatta la gabella!*—*Mora!*' Such was the cry of the people—such the crime of the Senator! They broke over the low palisades of the Capitol—they filled with one sudden rush the vast space;—a moment before so desolate,—now swarming with human beings athirst for blood!"

Suddenly came a dead silence, and on the balcony above stood Rienzi—his face was bared, and the morning sun shone over that lordly brow, and the hair grown grey before its time, in the service of that maddening multitude. Pale and erect he stood—neither fear, nor anger, nor menace—but deep grief and high resolve upon his features! A momentary shame, a momentary awe seized the crowd.

He pointed to the Gonfalon, wrought with the Republican motto and arms of Rome, and thus he began:—

"I too am a Roman and a citizen; hear me!"

"Hear him not; hear him not! his false tongue can charm away our senses!" cried a voice louder than his own; and Rienzi recognised Cecco del Vecchio.

"Hear him not; down with the tyrant!" cried a more shrill and youthful tone; and by the side of the artisan stood Angelo Villani.

"Hear him not; death to the death giver!" cried a voice close at hand, and from the grating of the neighbouring prison glared near upon him, as the eye of a tiger, the vengeful gaze of the brother of Montreal.

"Then from earth to Heaven rose the roar—"Down with the tyrant—down with him who taxed the people!"

A shower of stones rattled on the mail of the Senator,—still he stirred not. No changing muscle betokened fear. His persuasion of his own wonderful powers of eloquence, if he could but be heard, inspired him yet with hope. He stood collected in his own indignant, but determined, thoughts;—but the knowledge of that very eloquence was now his deadliest foe. The leaders of the multitude trembled lest he should be heard; "and, doubtless," says the contemporaneous biographer, "had he but spoken he would have changed them all, and the work been marred."

"The soldiers of the Barons had already mixed themselves with the throng—more deadly weapons than stones aided the wrath of the

multitude—darts and arrows darkened the air; and now a voice was heard shrieking—“Way for the torches!” Red in the sunlight they tossed and waved, and danced to and fro, above the heads of the crowd, as if the fiends were let loose amongst the mob! And what place in hell hath fiends like those a mad mob can furnish? Straw, and wood, and litter were piled hastily round the great doors of the Capitol, and the smoked curled suddenly up, beating back the rush of the assailants.

“Rienzi was no longer visible, an arrow had pierced his hand—the right hand that supported the flag of Rome—the right hand that had given a constitution to the Republic. He retired from the storm into the desolate hall. He sat down;—and tears, springing from no weak and woman source, but tears from the loftiest fountain of emotion—tears that befit a warrior when his own troops desert him—a patriot when his countrymen rush to their own doom—a father when his children rebel against his love,—tears such as these forced themselves from his eyes and relieved,—but *they changed*, his heart!

“‘Enough, enough,’ he said, presently rising and dashing the drops scornfully away; ‘I have risked, dared, toiled enough for this dastard and degenerate race. I will yet baffle their malice—I renounce the thought of which they are so little worthy! Let Rome perish!—I feel, at last, that I am nobler than my country!—she deserves not so high a sacrifice!’”

We leave this work—a rare occurrence—with reluctance. Mr. Bulwer has now nothing to do, but to proceed, right onward, in the path he has at last reached; and that he may do so, to his own fame and the world's delight, is our sincere wish.

*The Philosophy of History, in a course of Lectures delivered at Vienna by Frederick von Schlegel.* Translated from the German, with a Memoir of the Author, by James Burton Robertson, Esq. 2 vols. Saunders & Oley.

It is in community of feeling he desirable between an author and his translator, never did it exist more perfectly than between Frederick von Schlegel and Mr. J. B. Robertson. Both are men of extensive acquirements and deep thought; both are attached to ancient institutions; both regard Catholicism in religion, and the Holy Alliance in politics, as the sources whence the future happiness and tranquillity of Europe will be derived. Mr. Robertson is of opinion that the Roman Catholic religion will, at no distant day, regain its former supremacy in Europe, and he is, therefore, anxious to bring his countrymen acquainted with the most illustrious convert that the Catholic church has made during the present century, and to place before them Schlegel's eloquent and able defence of his new faith. We may differ from the author and translator, without impeaching the motives or denying the merits of either. Schlegel may have called his Apology for Catholicity a Philosophy of History, in the full persuasion that history's best lesson was the pre-eminence of the Catholic doctrines; and we have no reason to doubt that Mr. Robertson sees “in the alliance between the ancient faith and modern science of Germany, solemnized in the person of this illustrious man,” a type and pledge of the future union between the stationary creed and the progressive philosophy of Europe. We do not agree with either: Schlegel's conversion to Catholicity

is in accordance with the natural bent of his mind, and the whole course and direction of his early studies; in every page of his writings we find a powerful imagination, always struggling to pass the utmost limits of human intelligence, and at the same time a fond attachment to forms, especially those that were sanctioned by antiquity. To such a mind there was a mystic meaning, a perfect poetry in the imposing forms of the Catholic church irresistibly attractive. There are few who have witnessed the sacrifice of the Mass performed in a continental cathedral, the clouds of incense, the prostrate congregation, the many circumstances combined with admirable skill to make the officiating minister appear, at the moment he elevates the host, a delegated representative of heaven, who have not felt the effect almost overwhelming. We may rejoice, or we may regret, but, assuredly, we do not wonder, that Schlegel yielded to such influence. In most cases it would be inconsistent, in a journal like this, to examine into the nature and ground of any writer's religious belief, but Schlegel's volumes are an exception to the works that usually come before us; they have been long regarded on the continent, and they are now published in England, as the manifesto of a party, powerful in political position and intellectual strength, which looks forward to a time, as one of its ablest partisans† declares, “when the sterile dust of fertile abstractions will be swept away, and the antique faith will appear crowned with all the rays of science.” Schlegel is deservedly chosen as the representative of this new Catholicism. Far from exhibiting the rancour of a renegade, he speaks of protestants and the apostles of protestantism, not only with respect, but affection; he displays the rare union of the spirit of controversy with the spirit of charity; and were religious disputations always conducted with the same gentleness and moderation, we might almost regard them as the boast, rather than the disgrace of our age and country.

Mr. Robertson's claim for Schlegel is, that he should be heard: it is a claim that we willingly allow, but, in stating the outlines of his argument, we claim also the liberty of stating our objections, with the deference due to his unquestioned merits, and that courtesy which we have always recommended, and of which he has given us an example.

In his fifteenth lecture, Schlegel defines the Philosophy of History to be “the right comprehension of its wonderful course, the solution and illustration of its mighty problems, and of the complex enigmas of humanity, and its destiny in the lapse of ages;” elsewhere he says “it must be the pure emanation of the great whole,” and “it must enable us to form a true judgment on the particular portions or sections of history, according to their intrinsic nature and real value, in reference to the general progress of mankind.” Now, this really is not the philosophy, but a theory of history, and before going farther, it is of importance to point out the difference.

Man has a history; beavers and bees have not, because the social condition of man varies in every age, while that of animals is the same that it was the day after the creation. The changes in man's condition do not arise from the circumstances of the

external world, for they are common to him with other animals, nor from the tendencies of his nature, for they are the same in all ages and countries: the only variable element is his intelligence. Changes in human society must, therefore, result from changes in the ideas of human intelligence: history records the former,—philosophy investigates the latter. A theory is an assertion of some principle supposed to direct both changes: it is liable to be overturned, by producing any phenomenon for which it does not account; and before it claims to be taken into consideration, it must be shown to have been derived from a copious induction of well-ascertained phenomena.

Now, let us first see on what Schlegel bases his theory; he commences with a history of the world before its creation, and without vouchsafing a single argument in support of his theory, assumes a system of geology not very consistent with the Mosaic record it professes to support, and utterly at variance with modern science. He next endeavours to reconcile the traditions of the Chinese, the Hindus, and the early Greeks, with the ante-diluvian records of the Pentateuch, and from the conjectural history formed by this compound, he deduces the great theory whose exposition is his Philosophy of History. The theory is nowhere very distinctly stated; in his fifteenth lecture, however, he nearly reduces it to the following proposition: “There are three mighty principles in the historical progress of mankind:—the hidden ways of a Providence delivering and emancipating the human race; the free will of man, doomed to decisive choice in the struggle of life, and every action and sentiment springing from that freedom; and the power permitted by God to the evil principle.” The general application of the theory is, that Providence was manifested, from the Fall to the birth of Christ, in preparing for the promulgation of Catholic Christianity, and since that period, in securing its final triumph; that the evil principle has been engaged in opposition to this beneficent design, and that the human will has been alternately swayed by both.

To believe that the world is subject to the Moral Providence of God, is one thing; to believe that Schlegel has penetrated the mystery of that government, is another and a very different thing, though in the Lectures we see them frequently confounded. There is no reason why we should not examine the evidence of Schlegel's theory, as strictly as the evidence for any physical proposition. Let us examine how far it will bear even a partial scrutiny.

It is the easiest thing in the world to put forward a conjecture respecting a period of which we know little or nothing; it is just as difficult to refute it. Suppose any man should assert, as a recent physiologist has done, that Adam was a negro, there can be no argument about the matter, for there is not a particle of testimony on either side. Should the writer, however, found on this conjecture a series of inferences for regulating the judgment or conduct of Adam's posterity, he would scarcely deserve an answer. Schlegel, however, has gone beyond this; he assumes that Cain and his posterity are answerable for the institution of caste, war, and human sacrifices, and he indirectly professes to find authority for these assumptions in

† The Abbé Gerbet.

Genesis. The evidence for the Cainites having instituted caste is, that Jabal is called "the father of such as dwell in tents," and Jubal "the father of such as handle the harp and organ." It may be a plausible conjecture that these words mean to describe Jabal and Jubal as founders of the castes of shepherds and musicians; but it is just as plausible that the term *father* is here applied in the sense of inventor or eminent cultivator, just as Herodotus is called the "Father of History." The proof that the Cainites invented war is still more perplexing; it is simply these words—"Tubal-Cain, an instructor in every artificer of brass and iron," which, we are informed, is an intimation that he was the inventor of military weapons. But the most astounding of these discoveries, is the origin of human sacrifices. In the fourth chapter of Genesis a poetical fragment is interwoven with the text, which has been variously explained by commentators. It is thus literally translated:—

And Lamech said unto his wives,  
Adah and Zillah attend diligently to my voice,  
Ye wives of Lamech give ear unto my speech,  
Because a man have I slain for my wound and a  
youth for my hurt;  
If Cain shall be avenged sevenfold,  
Then Lamech seventy and seven fold.

Schlegel not only interprets the passage into the offering of a human sacrifice, but assumes the interpretation as an important fact through the whole course of his argument. But supposing all these conjectures to be well-founded, we cannot discover their bearing on post-diluvian history, because the Deluge, for whose universality Schlegel strenuously contends, swept the Cainites and all belonging to them from the face of the earth.

To find coincidences between the Mosaic records of the early world and the traditional *Sagas* of the Chinese, Hindús, and Greeks, is by no means difficult; there never was a cosmogony, whether devised by an ignorant savage, or by the most ingenious theorist, for which we could not find a parallel in the sacred writings of Hindústan. Schlegel shared his brother's admiration for the Sanscrit metaphysics, and more than insinuates that they contain the key to the secret mysteries of humanity. We estimate them very highly, but for a very different reason; they develop to us a most important problem in human nature, one that has not engaged the attention of philosophers as it ought, the co-existence of the utmost freedom, or rather daring of imagination, with the most abject slavery of thought. The Hindú sage loses himself in the Infinite; the Finite he deems a mere spectral illusion. Relations, friends, men, beasts, stones, are alike worthless compared to the Absolute Being; on this Absolute it teaches us to fix our whole attention, and to view everything else with indifference. Here, indeed, is an incentive to speculations the most sublime that can engage the human mind; but here, also, is a terrific theocracy, in which God is all and man nothing, pressing upon humanity, destroying all liberty, all movement, and all true morality; here is the cause why the Hindús neither recorded nor reasoned upon actions in which man was not regarded as the real agent; here is the cause why, possessing the most abstruse metaphysics, they had no philosophy—rich in epic poetry, they had no history—and, far advanced in astronomy, they had no chronology. We find strong marks of the same cast of mind not only in Schlegel, but in

Miller, Foster, and other authors, of what are called "Providential Histories."

Passing over much ingenious speculation on the religion of the ancient Persians and of the Greeks in the Heroic Ages, we arrive towards the conclusion of the first volume on tangible ground—the political history of Greece. Here Schlegel discovers two antagonizing principles of government, whose difference is, that "the republic is, or at least tends to be, the government of Reason; while monarchy is founded on the higher principles of Faith and Love;" we entreat our readers' attention to this statement, because it comprises the whole of Schlegel's philosophy. To prevent misapprehension, he goes on to say, that Republics, founded on ancient usages, attachment to ancestral customs, and faith in the sanctity of hereditary rights, are really to be regarded as monarchies, because they are based upon faith and love; while monarchies founded upon written compacts are to be regarded as republics, because they are based upon reason. His great object is to show, that this rationalism introduced into Church and State has been the cause of all the evils that afflict humanity; while the contrary principles of implicit confidence and unreasoning affection were the only conservative elements in past ages, the only grounds of hope for the future. "The old Christian state," he says, "the state which is founded in faith and love, can be renovated and re-established; not by the mere dead letter of any theory; though it should contain nothing but the simple dogmatic truth—but by faith—by love—by the religious energy of all the great fundamental principles of moral life." This philosophy appears to us borrowed from the metaphysics of Hindústan; a demand for the prostration of all intellectual energies, made ages ago on the banks of the Ganges, and now worthily echoed from the outposts of oriental despotism on the banks of the Danube.

The Lectures on the Romans and on the early progress of Christianity deserve high praise, but require no particular remark, save that we do not agree with Schlegel in his estimate of the literary merits or historical authority of the Fathers. More especially we protest against his eulogy of St. Jerome, one of the most intemperate, abusive, and unscrupulous writers that ever drew a pen in theological controversy,—and that is saying a great deal. This "learned and holy recluse" declares he saw Irishmen eating children in Gaul, while, at the same time, he praises the Gauls as models of piety: this man "gifted with an original power of thought and expression," published an epistle against Bishop Vigilantius, which might safely be regarded as a Pocket Manual for scolds in every generation.† We must also protest against the insidious attempt to identify either Protestantism or Rationalism with the heresies of the four first centuries, when the only point of coincidence is the rejection of the Romish standard of orthodoxy.

Mohammed and his religion are assailed with more intolerance than we should have anticipated. It is not our purpose to enter on the defence of either; but we will venture to assert, that great as are the defects, the absurdities, and the positive vices in

the creed of Islám, it is more rational, more consistent with the honour of God and the dignity of man, not only than Arabian Paganism, but than Talmudic Judaism, and the monkish Christianity of the Syrian churches which it superseded. But we forget—rationality is, with Schlegel and his school, an inexpiable offence;—well then, compare either its faith or its love with the forged gospels, the false traditions, or the anti-social doctrines then taught in Egypt, Palestine, and Arabia. Even the works of Ephrem Syrus (the Euphrates of the Church, as he was called by his followers) will not always rise in value when compared with the Korán.

Schlegel finds the full triumph of his principles in the revival of the western empire by Charlemagne; let us grant that they did, in fact, at that time, produce a political and religious unity in Christendom; and yet the argument is not advanced a jot, for it remains to be shown that this unity promoted social happiness. There were wars, there were persecutions, there was

God's holy word

Proclaimed by the trump and confirmed by the sword. There was true tranquillity nowhere. To be sure, while the great feudal lords were engaged in exterminating the Saxons they had little leisure for private combats; and the bishops employed in procuring extensive grants did not knock out the brains of their adversaries with iron maces, because religion forbade them to shed blood. But these evils followed in the very next generation, and were the necessary results of the imperial and papal policy. Did it occur to Schlegel, that the condition of "the people" in the reign of Charlemagne should form a part of the social picture? Did he not know that, under this "Christian empire," this "universal protectorate," was devised and begun the system of feudal vassalage under which the European peasantry sunk below the condition of the negro slaves in the worst age of colonial policy? There was plenty of love to the Emperor, and plenty of faith in the Pope; there was not a single particle of detested reason in action; and the consequence was, the organized, ruthless tyranny of a subordination of vultures from the Pyrenees to the Baltic. There would, to all human appearance, have been no hope for humanity, had not the imperial and papal power come into collision, and the church been driven into an appeal to reason.

The next historical point to which our attention is directed, is the struggle between Hildebrand and the Emperor Henry. We agree with Schlegel, that the Pope was in the contest the champion for civilization; but we should be glad to know how his excommunication of the Emperor was an exhibition of political faith or love, or his long argumentative epistles an abandonment of reason?

The abuse of the Ghibelline Emperors, and the formal condemnation of the Reformers, may be allowed to pass without comment; and the French Revolution is too hackneyed a theme for discussion; pass we then to the *Spirit of Time*, which is proclaimed to be the great demoralizing agent of the modern world. This Spirit of Time has, it seems, undergone many changes: in the first ages of the church, it was "the new and false faith of a fanatic Unitarianism;" in the Middle

† See Le Clerc's *Logic*, in which all the illustrations of the *Argumentum Theologicum ab invidia ductum* are taken from St. Jerome's epistle.



Ages it became "scholastic disputation;" at the commencement of the Modern era, "it claimed full freedom of faith;" it next promulgated religious indifference; "in our days it has become absolute—that is to say, it has perverted reason to party-passion, or exalted passion to the place of reason; and this is the existing form, and last metamorphosis of the old evil spirit of time." The cure for this evil spirit is to be the restoration of the papal authority over the church, and the establishment of a central political head for the European states. Then faith and love will triumph over reason, and implicit obedience take the place of turbulence and contention. We fear, or rather we hope, that the spirit of the age, or the spirit of time, will always be strong enough to avert such a consummation.

Though Schlegel's course of argument is, as we have seen, based on a very insecure foundation, and very weakly conducted, yet there is much in his Lectures to command respect and attention: some of his metaphysical views are new and valuable; and his defence of toleration, on the principles of intolerance, is equally ingenious and convincing. His theory of humanity and of human history is indeed untenable; but, like many other theorists, in his search for a philosophical chimera, he has discovered many important truths, and pointed out new fields of inquiry that will yet yield a valuable harvest.

*Letters, Conversations, and Recollections, of S. T. Coleridge.* 2 vols. Moxon.

This is a strange work, or, rather, a work strangely put together. As, however, we have only the first volume before us, we shall rest content, for the present, with bringing together a few scattered passages, leaving all matters of moment and interest, relating to Coleridge himself, for a future notice:—

*Scott and the Literary Character of the Age.*—

"I occasioned you to misconceive me respecting Sir Walter Scott. My purpose was to bring proofs of the energetic or inenergetic state of the minds of men, induced by the excess and unintermitted action of stimulating events and circumstances,—revolutions, battles, newspapers, mobs, sedition and treason trials, public harangues, meetings, dinners; the necessity in every individual of ever increasing activity and anxiety in the improvement of his estate, trade, &c., in proportion to the decrease of the actual value of money, to the multiplication of competitors, and to the almost compulsory expedience of expense, and prominence, even as the means of obtaining or retaining competence; the consequent craving after amusement as proper relaxation, as rest freed from the tedium of vacancy; and, again, after such knowledge and such acquisitions as are ready coin, that will pass at once, unweighed and unassayed; to the unexampled facilities afforded for this end by reviews, magazines, &c., &c. The theatres, to which few go to see a play, but to see Master Betty or Mr. Kean, or some one individual in some one part; and the single fact that our neighbour, Mathews, has taken more, night after night, than both the regular theatres conjointly, and when the best comedies or whole plays have been acted at each house, and those by excellent comedians, would have yielded a striking instance, and illustration of my position. But I chose an example in literature, as more in point for the subject of my particular remarks, and because every man of genius, who is born for his age, and capable of acting immediately and widely

on that age, must of necessity reflect the age in the first instance, though as far as he is a man of genius, he will doubtless be himself reflected by it reciprocally. Now I selected Scott for the very reason, that I do hold him for a man of very extraordinary powers; and when I say that I have read the far greater part of his novels twice, and several three times over, with undiminished pleasure and interest: and that, in my reprobation of the *Bride of Lammermoor* (with the exception, however, of the almost Shakspearian old witch-wives at the funeral) and of the *Ivanhoe*, I meant to imply the grounds of my admiration of the others, and the permanent nature of the interest which they excite. In a word, I am far from thinking that Old Mortality or Guy Rannering would have been less admired in the age of Sterne, Fielding, and Richardson, than they are in the present times; but only that Sterne, &c., would not have had the same immediate popularity in the present day as in their own less stimulated, and, therefore, less languid, reading world. \* \*

"One more remark. My criticism was confined to the one point of the higher degree of intellectual activity implied in the reading and admiration of Fielding, Richardson, and Sterne;—in moral, or, if that be too high and inwardly a word, in *mannerly* manliness of taste the present age and its best writers have the decided advantage, and I sincerely trust that Walter Scott's readers would be as little disposed to relish the stupid lechery of the courtship of Widow Wadman, as Scott himself would be capable of presenting it. Add, that though I cannot pretend to have found in any of these novels a character that even approaches in genius, in truth of conception, or boldness and freshness of execution to Parson Adams, Bliffl, Strap, Lieutenant Bowling, Mr. Shandy, Uncle Toby and Trim, and Lovelace; and though Scott's female characters will not, even the very best, bear a comparison with Miss Byron, Clementina, Emily, and Sir Charles Grandison; nor the comic ones with Tabitha Bramble, or with Betty (in Mrs. Bennet's Beggar Girl); and though, by the use of the Scotch dialect, by Ossianic mock-highland motley-heroic, and by extracts from the printed sermons, memoirs, &c. of the fanatic preachers, there is a good deal of false effect and stage trick: still the number of characters so good produced by one man, and in so rapid a succession, must ever remain an illustrious phenomenon in literature, after all the subtractions from those borrowed from English and German sources, or compounded by blending two or three of the old drama into one—*ex. gr.* the Caleb in the *Bride of Lammermoor*."

*Cobbett.*—The Cobbett is assuredly a strong and battering production throughout, and in the best bad style of this political rhinoceros, with his coat armour of dry and wet mud, and his one horn of brutal strength on the nose of scorn and hate; not to forget the flaying rasp of his tongue. \* \* \*

"Have you seen Cobbett's last number? It is the most plausible and the best written of anything I have seen from his pen, and apparently written in a less fiendish spirit than the average of his weekly effusions. The self-complacency with which he assumes to himself exclusively, truths which he can call his own only as a horse-stealer can appropriate a stolen horse, by adding mutilation and deformities to robbery, is as *artful* as it is amusing. Still, however, he has given great additional publicity to weighty truths, as *ex. gr.* the hollowness of commercial wealth; and from whatever dirty corner or straw moppet the ventriloquist Truth causes her words to proceed, I not only listen, but must bear witness that it is Truth talking. His conclusions, however, are palpably absurd—give to an over-peopled island the countless back settlements of America, and countless balloons to carry thither

man and maid, wife and brat, beast and baggage—and then we might rationally expect that a general crush of trade, manufactures, and credit, might be as mere a summer thunder-storm in Great Britain as he represents it to be in America.

"One deep, most deep, impression of melancholy, did Cobbett's letter to Lord Liverpool leave on my mind,—the conviction that, wretch as he is, he is an overmatch in intellect for those, in whose hands Providence, in its retributive justice, seems to place the destinies of our country; and who yet rise into respectability when we compare them with their parliamentary opponents."

*Brougham and Horner.*—"I recollect meeting Mr. Brougham well. I met him at Mr. Sharp's with Mr. Horner. They were then aspirants for political adventures. Mr. Horner bore in his conversation and demeanour evidence of that straight-forward and generous frankness which characterised him through life. You saw, or rather you felt, that you could rely upon his integrity. His mind was better fitted to reconcile discrepancies than to discover analogies. He had fine, nay, even high, talent rather than genius. Mr. Brougham, on the contrary, had an apparent restlessness, a consciousness, not of superior powers, but of superior activity, a man whose heart was placed in what should have been his head: you were never sure of him—you always doubted his sincerity. He was at that time a hanger-on upon Lord Holland, Mr. Horner being under the auspices of Lord Lansdowne.

"From that time I lost sight of Mr. Brougham for some time. When we next met, the subject of the parliamentary debates was alluded to, previously to which Mr. Brougham had expressed opinions which were in unison with my own upon a matter at that time of great public interest.

"I said, 'I could never rely upon what was given for the future in the newspapers, as they had made him say directly the contrary; I was glad to be undeceived.'

"'Oh,' said Brougham, in a tone of voice half confidential and half jocular, 'Oh, it was very true I said so in Parliament, where there is a party, but we know better.'

"I said nothing; but I did not forget it."

*Charles Lamb.*—"Charles and Mary Lamb dined with us on Sunday. When I next see you, that excellent brother and sister will supply me with half an hour's interesting conversation. When you know the *whole* of him, you will love him in spite of all oddities and even faults—nay, I had almost said, for them—at least, admire that under his visitations they were so few and of so little importance. Thank God, his circumstances are comfortable; and so they ought, for he has been in the India House since his fourteenth year."

*Church and Army.*—"A clergyman has even more influence with the women than the handsome captain. The captain will captivate the fancy, whilst the young parson seizes upon the imagination, and subdues it to his service. The captain is conscious of his advantages, and sees the impression he has made long before his victim suspects the reality of any preference. The parson, unless he be the vain fop, for which, however, his education essentially unfits him, has often secured to himself the imagination, and, through the imagination, the best affections of those amongst whom he lives, before he is seriously attached himself."

*Fate.*—"It often amuses me to hear men impute all their misfortunes to fate, luck, or destiny, whilst their successes or good fortune they ascribe to their own sagacity, cleverness, or penetration. It never occurs to such minds that light and darkness are one and the same, emanating from, and being part of, the same nature."

*Men in Power and Men of Letters.*—"All men in power are jealous of the pre-eminence of men

of letters; they feel, as towards them, conscious of inferior power, and a sort of misgiving that they are, indirectly, and against their own will, mere instruments and agents of higher intellects.

"Men in power, for instance Lord Castlereagh, are conscious of inferiority, and are yet ashamed to own, even to themselves, the fact, which is only the more evident by their neglect of men of letters. So entirely was Mr. Pitt aware of this that he would never allow of any intercourse with literary men of eminence: fearing, doubtless, that the charm which spell-bound his political adherents would, at least for the time, fail of its effect."

*Julian the Apostate.*—"Lord Kenyon, on the trial of a bookseller, for publishing 'Paine's Age of Reason,' in his charge to the jury, enumerated many celebrated men who had been sincere Christians; and, after having enforced the example of Locke and Newton,—both of whom were Unitarians, and therefore not Christians,—proceeded:—'Nor, gentlemen, is this belief confined to men of comparative seclusion, since men, the greatest and most distinguished both as philosophers and as monarchs, have enforced this belief, and shown its influence by their conduct. Above all, gentlemen, need I name to you the Emperor Julian, who was so celebrated for the practice of every Christian virtue that he was called Julian the Apostle.'"

The compiler gives us a few recollections of Charles Lamb:—

"Dined with Lamb alone. A most delightful day of reminiscences. Spoke of Mrs. Inchbald as the only endurable clever woman he had ever known; called them impudent, forward, unfeminine, and unhealthy in their minds. Instanced, amongst many others, Mrs. Barbauld, who was a torment and curse to her husband. 'Yet,' said Lamb, 'Letitia was only just tinted: she was not what the she-dogs now call an intellectual woman.' Spoke of Southey most handsomely; indeed he never would allow any one but himself to speak disparagingly of either Coleridge, Wordsworth, or Southey, and with a sort of misgiving of Hazlitt as a wild, mad being."

"He asked me what I thought of Coleridge. I spoke as I thought. 'You should have seen him twenty years ago,' said he, with one of his sweet smiles, 'when he was with me at the Cat and Salutation in Newgate Market. Those were days (or nights), but they were marked with a white stone. Such were his extraordinary powers, that when it was time for him to go and be married, the landlord entreated his stay, and offered him free quarters if he would only talk.'"

"Irving once came back to ask me if I could ever get in a word with Coleridge. 'No!' said I, 'I never want.' 'Why, perhaps it is better not,' said the parson, and went away, determined how to behave in future."

"Wordsworth one day said to me, when I had been speaking of Coleridge, praising him in my way. 'Yes, the Coleridges are a clever family.'"

"Lamb one night wanted to demonstrate, after the manner of Swift, that the Man-tchou Tartars were cannibals, and that the Chinese were identical with the Celtes (Sell Teas)."

"Martin Burney, whilst earnestly explaining the three kinds of acid, was stopped by Lamb's saying, 'The best of all kinds of acid, however, as you know, Martin, is uity—assid-uity.'"

#### *The Comic Annual for 1836. Bailly.*

THESE are times of surprises and hair-breadth 'scapes! Last week brought us 'Rienzi,' just when we considered our labours as concluded—this week, at a still later period, our old friend Hood offers us provocation that we cannot resist;—but what matters it how we are tasked, so long as our readers are treated with the delicacies of the season before they appear on other tables?

Our present offering is as sparkling and brisk as the best of champagne, and, under its influence, it will be strange if they do not laugh, make merry, and "drink our health with words of pleasant cheer." 'The Comic,' then, is come,—first harbinger of Christmas; for as yet we have not seen one leaf of a holly-bough, nor so much as the shadow of a mistle-toe bush. What shall we select from it for the pastime of our readers? In the first place, a passage from the opening story, which is taken (at least so Hood avouches) from the German—an anecdote of the times of war; when quiet burghers' houses were subject to the incursions of saucy soldiers. One of these last, "a blue cap with a red band, a pair of mustachios, and a grey cloak, without any arms in its sleeves," was billeted upon a worthy Madame Doppeldick, whose sleeping accommodations (we ought to have said *spare beds*) were scanty and comfortless, and near to each other, in the same chamber. "God forgive me!" exclaimed the good dame, "but I wish Captain Schenk had been killed at the battle of Leipzig, or got a bed of glory anywhere else before he came to us!" and thus proceeds the narrative:—

"In extenuation of so unchristian-like an aspiration as the one which escaped from the lips of Madame Doppeldick at the end of the last chapter, it must be remembered that she was a woman of great delicacy for her size. She was so corpulent, that she might safely have gone to court without a hoop, her arms were too big for legs; and as for her legs, it passed for a miracle of industry, even amongst the laborious hard-working inhabitants of Kleinewinkel, that she knitted her own stockings. It must be confessed, that she ate heartily, drank heartily, and slept heartily, and all she ate, drank, and slept, seemed to do her good, for she never ceased growing, at least horizontally, till she did ample justice to the name which became her own by marriage. Still, as the bulk of her body increased, the native shrinking unobtrusive modesty of her mind remained the same; or rather it became even more tremulously sensitive. In spite of her large dimensions, she seemed to entertain the Utopian desire of being seen by no eyes save those of her husband; of passing through life unnoticed and unknown; in short, she was a globe-peony with the feelings of a violet. Judge then what a shock her blushing sensibilities received from the mere idea of the strange captain intruding on the shadiest haunts of domestic privacy! Although by birth, education, and disposition, as loyal as the sunflower to the sun, in the first rash transports of her trepidation and vexation, she wished anything but well to her liege sovereign the King of Prussia—wondering bitterly why his majesty could not contrive to have his reviews and sham-fights in Berlin itself; or at least in Posen, where there were spare beds to be had, and lodgings to let for single men. • • •

"It was too bad—it was really too bad—and she wondered what Mr. Doppeldick would say to it when he came home."

Mr. Doppeldick, it seems, was less sensitive than his globe-peony wife, and proposed as a simple remedy for her anxieties, that they should retire to rest first, leaving Captain Schenk to follow them at a discreet interval. But the wisest plans may be disconcerted by the malice of chance, which, in the present instance, developed itself in the shape of a barrel of oysters, a gift from an old friend. In vain did Madame pray that her husband would hasten over his supper, to bring their scheme to a successful issue—

"Honest Dietrich was in no such hurry. A rational, moral, pious man, with a due grateful

sense of the sapidity of certain gifts of the Creator, ought not to swallow them with the post-haste indifference of a sow swilling her wash; and as Dietrich Doppeldick did not taste oysters once in ten years, it was a sort of religious obligation, as well as a positive secular temptation, that the relish of each particular fish should be prolonged as far as possible on the palate by an orderly, decorous, and deliberate deglutition. Accordingly, instead of bolting the oysters as if he had been swallowing them for a wager, he sate soberly, with his eyes fixed on the two plumpest, as if only awaiting the 'good night' of his guest to do ample and christian-like justice to the edible forget-me-nots of his good friend Adam Kloot. In vain his wife looked hard at him, and trod on his toes as long as she could reach them, besides being seized with a short hectic cough that was anything but constitutional—

"Lord help me!" said Mrs. Doppeldick in her soul, too fluttered to attend to the correctness of her metaphors—"It's as easy to catch the eye of a post! He minds me no more that if I trod on the toes of a stock-fish? I might as well cough into the ears of a stone wall."

"In fact, honest Dietrich had totally forgotten the domestic dilemma."

"He will never take his eyes off," thought Madame Doppeldick, stealing a glance across the table, 'I was never so stared at, never, since I was a girl and wore pig-tails! I expect every moment he will jump up and embrace me. Whereas nothing could be further from the Captain's thought. The second battalion had joined that very morning, and accordingly he had kissed, or been kissed by all its eight-and-twenty officers, tall or short, fat or lean, fair or swarthy,—which was quite kissing enough for a reasonable day's ration. The truth is, he was staring at himself. He had just, mentally, put on a new uniform, and was looking with the back of his eyes at his own brilliant figure, as a Captain in the Royal Guards. It was, however, a stare, outwardly, at Madame Doppeldick, who took everything to herself, frogs, lace, bullion, buttons, cuffs, collars, epaulettes, and the Deuse knows what besides."

Presently the Captain grew weary, and requested to be shown to his quarters for the night:—

"Not for the whole world!" exclaimed the horrified Madame Doppeldick—"not for the whole world, I mean, till you have hob-and-nobbed with us—at least with the good man"—and, like a warm-hearted hostess, jealous of the honour of her hospitality, she snatched up the spare candle, and hurried off to the barrel. If she could but set them down to drinking, she calculated, let who would be the second, she would herself be the first in bed, if she jumped into it with all her clothes on. It was a likely scheme enough,—but alas! it fell through like the rest!—Before she had drawn half a flask of Essigberger, or Holzapfelheimer, for I forget which—she was alarmed by the double screech of two chairs pushed suddenly back on the uncarpeted floor. Then came a trampling of light and heavy feet—and although she dropped the bottle—and forgot to turn the spigot—and carried the candle without the candlestick—and left her left slipper behind her,—still, in spite of all the haste she could make, she only reached the stair-foot just in time to see two Prussian-blue coat-tails, turned up with red, whisking in at the bed-room door! • • •

"Oh, the cruel, the killing ill-luck that pursues us!" exclaimed the forlorn Madame Doppeldick, as her husband returned, with his mouth watering, to the little parlour, where, by some sort of attraction, he was drawn into the Captain's vacant chair, instead of his own. In a few seconds the plumpest of Adam Kloot's tender souvenirs, of about the size and shape of a penny bun, was sliding over his tongue. Then another



went—and another—and another. They were a little gone or so, and no wonder, for they had travelled up the Rhine and the Moselle, in a dry 'schiff' not a 'dampschiff,' towed by real horse-powers, instead of steam-powers, against the stream. To tell the naked truth, there were only four words in the world that a respectably fresh Cod's head could have said to them, namely—*NONE OF YOUR SAUCE.*

"No matter: down they went glibly, glibly. The lemon-juice did something for them, and the vinegar still more, by making them seem sharp instead of flat. Honest Dietrich, enjoyed them as mightily as Adam Kloot could have wished; and was in no humour, you may be sure, for spinning prolix answers or long-winded speeches.

"They are good—very!—excellent! Malchen!—Just eat a couple."

"But the mind of the forlorn Malchen was occupied with any thing but oysters; it was fixed upon things above, or at least overhead. 'I do not think I can sit up all night,' she murmured, concluding with such a gasp that the tears squeezed out plentifully between her fat little eyelids.

"I've found only one bad one—and that was full of black mud!—schloo-oo-oo-ooop!"—slurped honest Dietrich. N.B. There is no established formula of minims and crotchets on the gamut to represent the swallowing of an oyster; so the aforesaid syllables of 'schloo-oo-oo-ooop,' must stand in their stead.

"As for sleeping in my clothes," continued Madame Doppeldick, "the weather is so very warm,—and the little window won't open—and with two in a bed—"

"The English do it, Malchen, schloo-ooop!"

"But the English beds have curtains," said Madame Doppeldick, "thick stuff or canvas curtains, Dietrich,—all round, and over the top—just like a general's tent."

"We can go—schloo-ooop—to bed in the dark, Malchen."

"No—no," objected Madame Doppeldick, with a grave shake of her head. "We'll have no blindman's-buff work, Dietrich,—and may be blundering into wrong beds."

"Schloo-oo-oo-oo-ooop."

"And if ever I saw a wild, rakish, immoral-irreligious-looking young man, Dietrich, the Captain is one!"

"Schloo-oo-oo-oo-ooop."

"Did you observe, Dietrich, how shamefully he stared at me?"

"Schloo-ooop."

"And the cut on his forehead, Dietrich, I'll be bound he got it for no good!"

"Schloo-oo-oo-oo-ooop."

"Confound Adam Kloot and his oysters to boot!" exclaimed the offended Madame Doppeldick, irritated beyond all patience at the bovine apathy of her connubial partner. "I wish, I do, that the nets had burst in catching them!"

"Why, what can one do, Malchen?" asked honest Dietrich, looking up for the first time from the engrossing dish, whence the one-a-penny oysters had all vanished, leaving only the two-a-penny ones behind.

"Saint Ursula only knows!" sighed Madame Doppeldick, her voice relapsing into its former tone of melancholy. "I only know that I will never undress in the room!"

"Then you must undress out of it, Malchen. Schloo—ooop. Schloo-oo-oo-oo-ooop."

"I believe that must be the way after all," said Madame Doppeldick, on whose mind her husband's sentence of transcendental philosophy had cast a new light. "To be sure there is a little landing-place at the stair-head—and our bed is exactly opposite the door—and if one scuttled briskly across the room, and jumped in—But are you sure, Dietrich, that you explained everything correctly to the Captain? Did you tell him, that *his* was the one next the window—with the patchwork coverlet?"

"Not a word of it!" answered honest Dietrich, who, like all other Prussians, had served his two years as a soldier, and was therefore moderately interested in military manœuvres. "Not a word of it—we talked all about the review. But I did what was far better, my own Malchen, for I saw him get into the bed with the patchwork coverlet, with my own eyes, and then took away his candle—Schloo-ooop—schloo-ooop—Schloo-oo-ooop!"

"It was done like my own dear, kind, Dietrich," exclaimed the delighted Madame Doppeldick, and in the sudden revulsion of her feelings, she actually pulled up his huge round bullet-head from the dish, and kissed him between the nose and chin.

"The Domestic Dilemma was disarmed of its horns! Madame Doppeldick saw her way before her, as clear and open as the Rhine three months after the ice has broken up. From that moment, as long as the dish contained two oysters, the air of 'Schloo-oo-oo-oo-ooop' was sung, as 'arranged for a duet.'"

And here, having conducted the reader into the heart of the mystery, we leave him—we hope in a "pretty handsome" state of curiosity.

Our next *snatch* (for it is positively such) must be taken by chance; and what better can be imagined than this original and graphic picture of the accomplishments and do-

mestic comforts of a 'Seminary for Young Ladies,' extracted from 'Love and Lunacy'?

Yet Ellen, like most misses in the land, Had sipped sky blue, through certain of her teens, At one of those establishments which stand In highways, byways, squares, and village greens; 'Twas called "The Grove,"—a name that always means Two poplars stand like sentries at the gate— Each window had its close Venetian screens And Holland blind, to keep in a cool state The twenty-four Young Ladies of Miss Bate.

But when the screens were left unclosed by chance, The blinds not down, as if Miss B. were dead, Each upper window to a passing glance Revealed a little dimity white bed; Each lower one, a cropp'd or curly head; And thrice a week, for soul's and health's economies, Like coupled hounds, whipped in by two she-dominies With faces rather graver than Melpomene's.

And thus their studies they pursued:—On Sunday, Beef, collecta, butter, texts from Dr. Price; Mutton, French, pancakes, grammar—of a Monday; Tuesday—hard dumplings, globes, Chapone's Advice; Wednesday—fancy-work, rice-milk (no spice); Thursday—pork, dancing, currant bolsters, reading; Friday—beef, Mr. Butler, and plain rice; Saturday—scraps, short lessons, and short feeding, Stocks, back-boards, hash, steel collars, and good breeding.

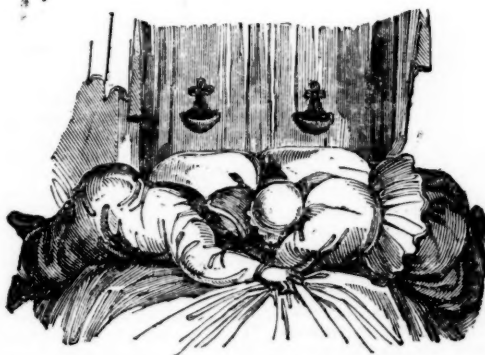
From this repertory of female learning, Came Ellen once a quarter, always fatter! To gratify the eyes of parents yearning, 'Twas evident in bolsters, beef, and batter, Hard dumplings, and rice-milk, she did not smatter, But heartily, as Jenkins says, "demolledge;" But as for any learning, not to flatter, As often happens when girls leave their college, She had done nothing but grow out of knowledge.

At Long Division sums she had no chance, And history was quite as bad a baulk; Her French it was too small for Petty France, And Priscian suffered in her English talk; Her drawing might be done with cheese or chalk; As for the globes—the use of the terrestrial She knew when she went out to take a walk, Or take a ride; but, touching the celestial, Her knowledge hardly soared above the bestial.

Nothing she learned of Juno, Pallas, Mars; Georgium, for what she knew, might stand for Burgo, Sidus, for Master; then, for northern stars, The Bear she fancied did in sable fur go, The Bull was Farmer Giles's bull, and, ergo, The Ram the same that butted at her brother; As for the Twins, she only guessed that Virgo, From coming after them, must be their mother; The Scales weighed soap, tea, figs, like any other.

As ignorant as donkeys in Gallicia, She thought that Saturn, with his Belt, was but A private, may be, in the Kent Militia; That Charles's Wain would stick in a deep rut, That Venus was a real West-End slut— Oh, Gods and Goddesses of Greek Theogony! That Berenice's Hair would curl and cut, That Cassiopeia's Chair was good mahogany, Nicely French-polished,—such was her cosmogony!

We shall return to this volume; but will make room for two of the wood-cuts this week. One of them, it will be seen, refers to the story from which we have quoted.



"LAST IN BED PUT OUT THE LIGHT."



"THIS WAY, MA'AM."

*The Outlaw.* By the Author of 'The Buccaneer.' 3 vols. Bentley.

*Norman Leslie.* By Theodore S. Fay. 3 vols. Macrone.

*Margaret Ravenscroft; or, Second Love.* By J. A. John. 3 vols. Longman & Co.

*The Parricide.* By the Author of 'Miserrimus.' 3 vols. Hookham.

"THE winter of 1835 will long be remembered as having set in with an amazingly heavy fall of novels, unprecedented in the memory of our oldest critics." Such, we dare prophesy, will be the account which a literary historian will give of the present season. Should the storm not subside forthwith, our friends may chance to find us on some bright Christmas morning, buried in our library "full fathom five" beneath a pile of the most delicate distresses. As it is, that grave and quiet retreat already wears the air of a fashionable circulating library in the gayest of watering places; and we dare venture to assert, that we know more of love-troubles—and unheard-of villanies—than any itinerant letter-writer who ever practised his calling for the use and benefit of the romantic inhabitants of Rome, Naples, or Venice.

But as our readers may not care to assist at a minute and circumstantial examination of all the load of love, and adventure, and "fine language," which lies before us, and lest our friends, the wise and the philosophical, should pronounce us only fit company for a coterie of young ladies, we must be as compendious in our notice as is consistent with justice and courtesy.

On the present occasion, the place of honour must be given to Mrs. Hall. 'The Outlaw' is decidedly the best of the collection before us. The scene is laid at the close of James the Second's reign, and the plot turns upon the conspiracies entered into to dispossess that weak, bigoted monarch of his throne. The characters are many—and such as those unsettled times offer in abundance for the use of romancers: priests, soldiers, adventurers, gipsies, and good staid London citizens; (by the way, our favourite is Rachel Brown, the printer's daughter—a most pleasant mixture of romance and modish airs, nursed in the atmosphere of Temple Bar). We have also, as might be expected, Protestant and Catholic vividly opposed to each other—the gentle naturalist, Sir Everard Sydney, to his austere, scheming lady-wife—the fresh and innocent Rosalind to the insolent and ambitious Margaret. Throughout the tale there runs a silken thread of feeling and kindness which is especially delightful—this distinguishes the character of Jemmings, the sergeant, whose fidelity to his faithless mistress (punished for her errors by madness and early death) is simple and touching. As a whole, 'The Outlaw' will find favour with the gentler sex; but we still think that Mrs. Hall is most successful in her shorter stories.

The same remark, too, will apply to Mr. Fay. Nothing could be much more vivid and picturesque than his sketches of Alpine scenery, which appeared in the *New York Mirror*—but he seems to have wrought at cabinet pictures till his hand has become cramped, and his mind narrowed; his style is too fragmentary for a connected story. Parts of 'Norman Leslie' are lively—and,

from the first to last, the stir and mystery, and intrigue of the plot are cleverly kept up. We cannot here give a *programme* of the story, which is carried from America to Europe, and the best passages whereof are descriptive; but we may express the satisfaction we have felt at seeing that the novel has met with immediate and great success in the native country of the writer.

'Margaret Ravenscroft' is also a tale of foreign travel, the scene being principally laid in Sicily, and the incidents those of love, jealousy, fortune-telling, &c. which are proper to novels, especially when they treat of "the balmy south." One character, we think, might have stood out distinct and excellent from the group which surrounds it—we mean that of Semler the poet—had not the author chosen to put a barbarous jargon into his mouth, which the other *dramatis personæ* are constantly and tiresomely employed in correcting, till we dread to see him approach.

Of 'The Parricide' it becomes us to speak more seriously and at length. Critics are tasters to the public in all literary banquets: it is their duty to hinder "strange flesh" from supplanting wholesome viands; and distillations of nightshade or hemlock from filling cup and goblet instead of Falernian and genuine Chateau Margaux. We, though critics, are not like Sancho Panza's physician, who, from mischief or malice, permitted no right nourishment to reach the lips of the governor of Barataria; on the contrary, we are considerate and tolerant, and allow our friends indulgence in all things sweet and wholesome. But to drop metaphor, we set our faces against all works—even of genius—which are not founded in nature and universal morality; we are willing to admit the presence of power; we are ready to lament that talent should work without the fear of God before its eyes; and some of our readers may remember that in this mood we spoke of 'Miserrimus,' by the author of 'The Parricide.' We are not sure that the writer felt how deeply our strictures were founded in eternal truth: other critics, it appears, applauded the performance; and, we fear that their praise has done harm to one capable of doing better than bestowing the charms of eloquence on a being whose whole life was one of unmitigated villany.

That the author has not profited by our remarks—nor by time, which sobers the judgment, and improves the taste of most men—we have more than assurance in 'The Parricide'; here is a man in whom an innate desire of evil, and a thirst for blood, are the chief and ruling qualities: he attempts to murder the woman whom he imagines he loves, and he fights a duel with, and afterwards murders, in his sleep, his own father. The author believes that in this choice of subject, horrible and awful, he is imitating the ancient masters of tragic emotion and superhuman terror; but this he will find, in spite of the learning laid out in the introduction, to be a mistake. It is true that such crimes as he alludes to, and which should never be named, afford subject-matter for some of the great dramas of both ancient and modern times; but it is also true, that the inspired authors, like good artists, dwelt not on the commission of the crime, but on its punishment, and exhibited the perpetrator pursued by the vengeance of gods as well

of men. 'The Parricide,' on the contrary, is entirely filled with a calm minute detail of its hero's atrocities, who, at the conclusion, to belie the prediction of a spectre, that he would blench at last, gets himself broken alive on the wheel, like honest Mike Lam-bourne, who, in his last moments, threw off his shoes, because his uncle had always said he would die in them.

Let the author of 'The Parricide' study a little more accurately than he seems to have done, the illustrious poets whom he has taken as his models. The *Œdipus* of Sophocles is a domestic spectacle of unmitigated horror unpolluted with guilt, for both son and mother sinned in ignorance; the *Mirra* of Alfieri is a work of the same character—no sin darkens the pure spirit of Cinzio; in the *Manfred* of Byron, the crime for which that mysterious being suffers is but darkly intimated, and he is terribly punished. These and other great masters indulged in no revolting and unhallowed details; their enormities were committed behind the scenes—the punishments only were inflicted before them.

We have now said almost all that we intend to say concerning this work: it is written with force, certainly; it is not without passages of terror and of pathos; nor is the sister of the villain hero, nor the lady whom he loves and tries to murder, unlovely or uninteresting. But we regard the work as we would a sugared snake or a candied toad, and turn from it with a feeling of pity, that a young and ingenious author should have lavished his leisure and his talents on such a foul and unnatural wretch as 'The Parricide.'

#### ORIGINAL PAPERS

##### THE ETRICK SHEPHERD.

*Extempore Effusion, upon reading, in the Newcastle Journal, the notice of the Death of the Poet, James Hogg.*

When first, descending from the Moorlands,  
I saw the stream of Yarrow glide  
Along a bare and open valley,  
The Etrick Shepherd was my guide.

When last along its banks I wandered,  
Thro' groves that had begun to shed  
Their golden leaves upon the pathways,  
My steps the Border Minstrel led.

The mighty Minstrel breathes no longer,  
'Mid mouldering ruins low he lies;  
And death upon the Braes of Yarrow  
Has closed the Shepherd-poet's eyes:

Nor has the rolling year twice measured,  
From sign to sign, his stedfast course,  
Since every Mortal Power of Coleridge  
Was frozen at its marvellous source;

The rapt One of the Godlike forehead,  
The heaven-eyed Creature, sleeps in earth;  
And Lamb, the frolic and the gentle,  
Has vanished from his lonely hearth.

Like clouds that rake the mountain-summits,  
Or waves that own no curbing hand,  
How fast has Brother followed Brother  
From sunshine to the sunless land!

Yet I, whose lids from infant slumbers  
Were earlier raised, remain to hear  
A timid voice, that asks in whispers,  
"Who next will drop and disappear?"

Our haughty life is crowned with darkness,  
Like London with its own black wreath,  
On which, with thee, O Crabbe, forth-looking  
I gazed from Hampstead's breezy heath;

As if but yesterday departed,  
Thou too art gone before; yet why  
For ripe fruit seasonably gathered  
Should frail survivors heave a sigh?

No more of old romantic sorrows  
For slaughtered Youth and love-lorn Maid,  
With sharper grief is Yarrow smitten,  
And Ettrick mourns with her their Shepherd  
deed!

WM. WORDSWORTH.

Rydal Mount, Nov. 30, 1835.

*Note.*—In the above is an expression borrowed from a Sonnet by Mr. G. Bell, the Author of a small volume of Poems lately printed at Penrith. Speaking of Skiddaw, he says, "You dark cloud *rides* and shrouds its noble brow." These poems, though incorrect often in expression and metre, do honour to their unpretending Author; and may be added to the number of proofs daily occurring, that a finer perception of the appearances of Nature is spreading through the humbler classes of society.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

The *North American Review* for October, just received, is a good number, inasmuch as it is national. The opening article is devoted to the life of Jehudi Ashmun, the first colonial agent in Liberia; after this (we are merely enumerating such papers as are exclusively American) follows an account of the fanatic, Matthias—a humiliating record, and one that offers strange matter of speculation, if read in conjunction with other works of a similar nature, which appear to be, unhappily, plentiful on the other side of the Atlantic. It is pleasant to turn from so painful a subject, to the carefully-written and interesting paper on Dr. Channing, and to the review of the works of Mrs. Sigourney and Miss Gould. The terminable question of the national manners of England and America is fairly and temperately discussed, in an examination of Messrs. Reed and Matheson's *Travels in the United States*, and Mr. Colton's *Four Years in Great Britain*. Mr. Carlyle appears to be in the high-way to fame in America; his '*Sartor Resartus*' having been collected and reprinted from *Fraser's Magazine*; it is here commented upon with many and deserved good words.

It is stated in the Bristol papers, that the Marquis of Lansdowne has been chosen President of the British Association for the next meeting, to be held in that city; the Rev. W. D. Conybeare, Dr. Prichard, and J. S. Harford, Esq., Vice Presidents, and Dr. Daubeny, Mr. G. Clarke, and Mr. Hovendon, Secretaries.

We are delighted to be able to announce to the lovers of Italian literature in this country, that the author of one of the most popular novels which have as yet appeared in Italy, has just finished another work. The title, says our correspondent, himself a distinguished Italian, is '*The Siege of Florence* by Charles the Fifth.' Among the characters introduced are Michael Angelo Buonarroti, Luigi Alamanni, Dante da Castiglione, Fra Benedetto da Fojano, Ferruccio, Zanobi Buondelmonte, Carducci, and, by anachronism, Niccolò Macchiavelli—all names which speak ages of glory—all men, the memory of whom renders our present servitude more intolerable and more base. This novel is, if nothing more, a sentence of death upon the ignominies of our age—a malediction against corrupted or basely timid writers. It seems as if it had been written by Dante, Alfieri, or Foscolo." To this we shall only add, that we hear from the same source, that M. Baudry, the bookseller, of Paris, has purchased the manuscript at the price, (very considerable in France) of 10,000 francs.

We are informed, by a private letter from Berlin, that an English translation of '*Goethe's Briefwechsel*,' &c. the strange and interesting work reviewed some time since in this Paper (see p. 754, 772), is being prepared under the direction of the lady to whom the letters were addressed, and will forthwith appear.—We

learn, too, from the German journals, and the fact is worth recording, the Hetmann of the Cossacks, Prince Platoff, has translated into the Calmuc language the poems of Parny.

An elegant volume lies before us, in the '*Gallery of Modern British Artists*,' for 1836, a collection of several numbers of a periodical publication, containing many clever things by our more recent artists, as a whole well engraved and illustrated by letter-press. Many of Roberts's landscapes are here—in particular we admire the '*Jedburgh Abbey*' and '*Caen Cathedral*'; Balmer, however, comes very close to him in his '*Church of St. Lawrence, Rotterdam*.' We have also landscapes by Pyne, Stanfield, Cotman, Austin, Bonington, Vickers, Cattermole, &c. which are fair specimens of their respective styles; and one or two picturesque groups of figures and interiors by the last-named artist. Mr. Nash's illustrations of Sir Walter Scott and Shakespeare are less to our taste; his women want beauty.

The copies made from the Old Masters were privately exhibited at the British Institution on Wednesday last. There are no less than twenty of '*Titian's Daughter*'; the best by Ellerby, Robson, Miss Corboux, and Mrs. B. Morris. The '*Marquis Spinala*,' by Van Dyck, has found favour with thirteen; we preferred the work of Mr. Pybus. Four of Murillo's '*Christ*' we heard praised, but did not admire; nor can we say much in praise of those from Rembrandt; but Mr. Fussell's copy of the '*Giorgione*,' and Mr. Buckland's '*Backhuysen*,' are both clever; and we were interested by the sketches of Miss Kearsley and Mrs. Claxton.

Among other forthcoming novelties are, a new work by Mr. Landor, a new novel by the author of '*Two Old Men's Tales*,' a romance by the author of '*The Lollards*,' and, for the lovers of Italian opera, Mr. Chalon's recollections of the past season, in the form of six Sketches of the principal Performers, drawn on stone by R. J. Lane.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

##### ROYAL SOCIETY.

Dec. 10.—The following papers were read, viz. 1. Memoranda taken during the continuance of the Aurora Borealis of November 1835, as seen from Ramsgate. Communicated by Samuel Hunter Christie, Esq., F.R.S. 2. Démonstration complète du théorème dit de Fermat, par François Paulet, de Genève, ancien élève de l'École Polytechnique. Communicated by P. M. Roget, M.D., Sec. R.S.

##### SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Nov. 19.—This being the first meeting of this Society after the long vacation, was principally occupied in the routine business, and in reading a list of the various presents which had been received since June, with the names of the donors, to whom the thanks of the Society were voted. A small antique statue of Minerva, given under the will of the late Prince Hoare, Esq., was the most interesting object among the donations; and of the articles exhibited, the original lottery bill, of the year 1561, a reduced copy of which forms the frontispiece to Mr. Kempe's '*Loseley Manuscripts*,' (see *Athenæum*, p. 810), was by far the most attractive.

The Secretary read a communication from Sir F. Madden, with a warrant by James I., for the payment of the various persons who had supplied the wedding furniture, &c. of his daughter Elizabeth, upon her marriage with the Elector Palatine.

Nov. 26.—In the true spirit of a literary antiquary, Mr. Collier, who had printed, at his own expense, the early English miracle play, '*The Harmony of Hell*,' from the MS. in the Harleian collection, and presented a copy of it to the

Society of Antiquaries, this evening presented a copy of the same play from Mr. David Laing, a brother antiquary of the northern metropolis, who had printed it from the Auchinlech MS. Mr. Collier stated it to be the intention of Mr. Laing, and some of his friends in the north, to print, for private circulation, and at their own expense, in the same manner, the rest of the same class, in the Affleck collection, and expressed a wish, that a similar spirit were equally displayed in London, where literary antiquaries have a so much wider field.

The Secretary read the proclamation, communicated by Mr. Kempe, from the Loseley collection, of the Regent Murray, in the name of the infant, King James VI. of Scotland, denouncing the murderers of Darnley, and forbidding all his subjects to obey or give countenance to his mother, on pain of impeachment for treason.

Dec. 3.—Some ornamented abbey glazed tiles, some of them having armorial bearings upon them, were laid on the table, and a communication was read, descriptive of them, from the Rev. Mr. Roper. The Secretary continued the reading of a paper, communicated by Mr. Repton, upon, and descriptive of, the head-dresses, caps, or hats, of women during the last century, illustrated by some curious and amusing extracts from contemporary dramatic and other writers.

##### ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

Dec. 5.—This was the first meeting for the season. Many valuable presents were announced, and, among others, a large Sanscrit original manuscript, in twenty-six parts, on Buddhism, from B. K. Hodgson, Esq., who holds a high official situation in Nepal. The special thanks of the Society were voted to him for his donation, and also to Miss Emma Roberts, who had presented a copy of her '*Scenes and Characteristics of Hindostan*.' In moving the latter vote, the chairman (Sir A. Johnston) observed, that Miss Roberts's work was calculated to be of the highest use in disseminating a knowledge of the state of society and manners in India, inasmuch as, from the interesting manner in which she had treated her subject, her book was likely to be more extensively read than more learned, but less familiar, works of the same kind.

The motion was seconded by Sir Graves Houghton, who, in common with other members, expressed his full concurrence with what had fallen from the chairman.

The reading of a paper, by Professor Wilson, entitled '*An Historical Sketch of the kingdom of Pándya*,' was commenced. This sketch was compiled from the celebrated Mackenzie MSS. It states, that we learn the early existence of the Pándyan kingdom from classical authorities, and not from native records only. The probable conjecture is, that the appearance of the Pándyan principality as an organized state, and the foundation of Madura, its capital, happened about five or six centuries anterior to the Christian era. One of the traditional legends of the time states, that this ancient city derived its name from the circumstance that the gods beheld the progress of its building with so much interest, that, on the completion of the work, a shower of nectareous dew descended from heaven, spreading a sweet film upon the ground, and this gave the appellation *Madhura* (sweet) to the new city. The stately monuments, of which the vestiges are still to be seen in Madura, are the work of much more modern times.

##### GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Dec. 2.—Mr. Lyell, President, in the chair.

Two letters, addressed to Captain Belcher, R.N., were first read, and referred to the question, whether the earthquake, on the coast of Chili, in November 1822, produced any change in the relative level of land and sea.

One of these letters, from Lieut. Bowers, R.N.,



states, that the writer did not notice any change, though he was at Valparaiso in the beginning of 1822, and in February 1823.

Mr. Cuming, the writer of the other letter, resided at Valparaiso at the period of the earthquake, and for several years afterwards; and, as he devoted much of his time to the collecting of shells, and other subjects of natural history, he had abundant opportunities for noticing if any alteration had taken place in the level of the land or sea. He says, that he never observed the least change; that at spring tides the water rose to the same height as it did previously to the earthquake; that a small detached rock, opposite the Estanco, half-way between the Custom House and the market-place, and from which he had often procured shells, retained its position after the earthquake; and that nautical men had affirmed, there was not the least difference in the depth of water in any part of the bay.

A paper, by Mr. Parish, Sec. G.S., was next read, containing historical notices of the effects of the earthquake waves on the coast of the Pacific; and, it appears, from these documents, that tumultuous inundations of the sea accompanied many of the earthquakes which have desolated the western coast of South America since the year 1590.

**SOCIETY OF ARTS.**—On Tuesday evening, Mr. Edward Cowper addressed the meeting, 'On the application of Machinery to Carving and Sculpture.' He expressed a wish, that what he might advance on the subject should be received as an attempt to define the powers and extent of the turning lathe, rather than a formal address. He then very clearly pointed out its construction; also that of the rose engine, and exhibited some beautiful specimens of eccentric turning combined with the latter. He particularly dwelt on the difference between carving and sculpture, and produced various specimens of carving in ivory. Several diagrams were shown, which, by mechanical application, instantaneously afforded a variety of patterns.

At the ordinary meeting of the Society, on the following evening, an ingenious and effective instrument was produced, termed a maroon lock, the contrivance of Mr. Henry Wilkinson. Before the use of spring-guns was declared to be illegal, they were set in preserves for game, in gardens and other places, not merely for the purpose of shooting nightly trespassers, but also for giving an alarm to keepers and others on the watch. The maroon lock is for the latter purpose alone, and appears well constructed to effect it.

**WESTMINSTER MEDICAL SOCIETY.**—Mineral magnetism, with its supposed influence in the cure of various forms of disease, has occupied the attention of this Society since our last report.

The subject was introduced by Dr. Schmidt, who showed the distinction between mineral and universal magnetism, described the doctrines of various writers on the subject, and finally himself contended, that the magnetic influence acted solely on the nervous system. Dr. Schmidt urged very strongly the necessity of procuring powerful magnets, for experiments, as he conceived inattention in that particular the main cause of its disuse in medicine.

There were some powerful magnetic instruments laid on the table. The main object appears to be, to concentrate the magnetic fluid to make its application at all efficient for curative purposes.

Dr. Schmidt, in opposition to our best authorities, thinks that more magnetic influence existed between the friendly poles than the opposite. Dr. Ritchie, and other members, opposed this doctrine, and demonstrated its fallacy by various experiments.

A very simple apparatus was shown by Dr.

Schmidt for obtaining the magnetic spark. It consisted of a piece of soft iron, round which a copper wire is twisted; the extremities being amalgamated with quicksilver, and placed over the poles of a magnet, on one is fixed a small copper plate, and the connexion being then forcibly broken, the spark is vividly produced.

At the meeting on Saturday week, the discussion was confined solely to the medical virtues of the magnet, the author of the paper extolling its powers in most forms of nervous diseases, instancing especially, amaurosis, deafness, and tic douloureux. Its curative influence was strongly questioned and opposed by Drs. Ritchie, Johnson, Webster, and others, the discussion concluding with the understanding that a trial was to be made at the Royal Westminster Ophthalmic Hospital, of its effects on some well-marked cases of amaurosis.

**ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.**—Dec. 7.—The minutes of the last meeting were read and confirmed. Various donations of books and insects were announced, including the Transactions of the Entomological Society of France. Numerous rare and interesting species of insects were exhibited, especially a collection from Smyrna, received by Mr. S. Hanson. The following memoirs were read:—1. Notes made during a voyage from England to New South Wales, with sketches of the Entomological productions of the Cape of Good Hope and Van Dieman's Land, by Mr. R. H. Lewis, M.E.S.; 2. Descriptions of two species of Coleopterous Insects belonging to the family *Paussida*, by W. W. Saunders, Esq.; 3. Notes relating to the Natural History of the Dragon Flies, (*Libellula*), by Robert Patterson, Esq., Treasurer of the Natural History Society of Belfast; 4. Description of some new, or imperfectly known, species of Beetles, belonging to the family *Paussida*, by the Secretary; 5. On the predacious habits of the Wasp, by George Newport, Esq.; 6. Memoir upon the Natural History of the genus *Perga*, (belonging to the sand-flies, and inhabiting Van Dieman's Land,) by Mr. R. H. Lewis. A lengthened discussion upon the various subjects above mentioned ensued, in which many of the Members took part.

#### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

SAT.	Westminster Medical Society.....	Eight, P.M.
MON.	Royal Geographical Society.....	Nine, P.M.
	British Architects.....	
TUES.	Linnæan Society.....	Eight, P.M.
WED.	Society of Arts.....	p. 7, P.M.
	Geological Society.....	p. 8, P.M.
	Royal Society.....	p. 8, P.M.
	Society of Antiquaries.....	Eight, P.M.
THUR.	Royal Academy (Anatomical Lectures).....	Eight, P.M.
	City of London Artists and Amateurs' Conversazione.....	Eight, P.M.

#### THEATRICALS

##### DRURY LANE.

This Evening, and on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, THE SIEGE OF ROCHELLE; and THE JEWESS.

##### COVENT GARDEN.

This Evening, KING O'NEIL; with an INTERLUDE; and THE LORD OF THE ISLE. Monday, HAMLET (Hamlet Mr. C. Kemble).

##### THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

Mr. Brahm's New Theatre will open on Monday Dec. 14, 1833, with an Opening Address by James Smith, Esq.; AGNES SOREL—(the whole of the Music by Mrs. G. A. Beckett)—Principal Characters:—Messrs. Brahm, Barker, Strelton, and Barnett—Miss Glesop, Miss F. Horton; after which GOD SAVE THE KING; with A CLEAR CASE; to conclude with THE FRENCH COMPANY—Principal Characters by Messrs. Strickland, Barnett, Forester, Garrioch, and Mitchell—Miss F. Horton.

**COVENT GARDEN.**—A three act comedy by Mrs. Charles Gore, entitled 'King O'Neil,' was performed for the first time on Wednesday. It was well received by the audience, who laughed at Mr. Power throughout, and applauded at the end.

**OLYMPIC THEATRE.**—The principal theatrical feature of the week, has been the first appear-

ance of Mr. Charles Mathews on the stage. To say that he is the son of the late excellent comedian, and inimitable imitator of man and manners, is merely to say what every body knows; but it is necessary that we should allude to the circumstance, in order that we may express the pleasure it gave us to witness the cordiality with which he was cheered on; to see the eagerness with which all arms were outstretched to welcome him. His first essay was most appropriately preceded by an introductory address spoken by Mr. Liston, the friend and fellow-labourer of his father. This address, though very cleverly written by Mr. J. H. Reynolds, was, perhaps, a shade too serious for the occasion, and its seriousness was increased by the inability of Mr. Liston to conceal certain natural emotions which the association of ideas most naturally forced upon him. Would it be believed, that there were joulter-headed individuals present, who laughed outright at those emotions, although they must have known, (if they knew anything) that Mr. Liston was feeling, and not acting? However, the good sense of the majority soon repressed the titters, and the fine earnestness of head and heart with which the great comedian recommended to the consideration of the public the son of his old and valued friend, forced back the laugh down their throats, and made them too happy to conceal their insignificance, by joining in the tumult of applause which followed. Mr. Charles Mathews afterwards acted in two new pieces, one written by himself, and called 'The Humpbacked Lover,' the other by Mr. Leman Rede, called 'The Old and Young Stager.' They were both successful, and, to a certain extent, deservedly so. There was little of novelty in the first, but it was light and inoffensive. The second was, as its name implies, in a great measure a "pièce d'occasion." There was some smart dialogue in the early part of it, and a good deal of fun in the remainder, but it was too long by nearly one half. Mr. Liston presented a fine portrait in the old Coachman, and Mr. Mathews a spirited sketch in the Young Tiger; nor ought we in justice to omit mention of a humorous child who enacted 'Tiger minimus'—a sort of stable grand-son of the establishment. The little urchin was a perfect figure of fun. We are not going to criticise Mr. Mathews's performance as if he had had that study and that practice, which no one knows better than himself that he wants. We shall content ourselves, and we trust him also, by offering him our hearty congratulations, upon the best first appearance that ever was made without them; and by saying, that there appears to us no reason whatever, why he should not shortly become everything which he himself wishes, and which the English stage at present so much wants. This theatre may well be proud of having introduced to the stage, one who brings the education and manners and habits of a gentleman, to back an evident fondness for his profession.

#### MISCELLANEA

**Submarine Register Barometer, to be used as an ordinary Deep Sea Lead.**—[Obligingly forwarded last week by a correspondent, but too late for insertion.]—An instrument, bearing this name, has been made, and successfully tried by Mr. Payne, of the Adelaide Street Gallery of Practical Science. The accuracy with which the rise of mercury in descents, and the fall of the mercurial column in ascents, in the mountain barometer, is made to denote the heights of hills, or depths of valleys, is well known. Mr. Payne proposes to measure depths at sea by a barometer, which differs from the mountain barometer in many particulars. It consists of a tube of glass, (or it may be of iron,) close at the top, and filled with one atmosphere of atmospheric air or hydrogen gas. The pressure of the water upon the surface of the mercury in the cistern, is similar to the pressure of the at-

mosphere upon the surface of the mercury in the common barometer; but the water is prevented from absolute contact with the mercury by a piece of fine membrane. The compression of the air in the tube is registered by a float, similar in some degree to that of a register thermometer. The glass tube is graduated in atmospheres and tenths of atmospheres, and by tables of corrections for temperature, and saltiness of water, and the depth to which the instrument has sunk, can be accurately ascertained in pounds weight, or in fathoms. The instrument which Mr. Payne has already made, is graduated from 1 to 45 atmospheres, or 247 fathoms, by Mr. Gordon, according to the rule by which he graduated the portable gas pressure gauges, which have of late been found so accurate; and by such an apparatus the greatest depths may be accurately ascertained.—A model may be seen at the Adelaide Street Gallery of Practical Science.

**French Opera.**—The following operas are announced as in course of rehearsal at the Grand Opera at Paris. 'Meyerbeer's St. Barthélemy,' 'Nôtre Dame de Paris,' by Mademoiselle Berton, 'Stradella,' by M. Niedermayer, 'Count Julian,' by M. Gomez, and also a new opera by Berlioz.

**An Air Violin.**—A newly and ingeniously invented instrument has lately been presented to the Académie des Sciences de Paris, by M. Isorard. It resembles the common violin, with the strings extended between two wooden or metal blades; it is vibrated upon at one end by a current of air, while at the other the player presses on them, shortening them by the pressure of the finger. In fact, the strings of this instrument are acted upon by a current of air, instead of the common bow. The sounds vary between those of the French horn and the bassoon.—*Paris Advertiser.*

**List of New Books.**—Harrison on the Laws of the Stannaries of Cornwall, 8vo. 6s.—An Introduction to Hospital Practice, by C. J. B. Aldis, 8vo. 3s.—A Treatise on the Diseases of the Eye and its Appendages, by R. Middlemore, M.R.C.S. 2 vols. 8vo. 35s.—Sherwood's History of Henry Milner, Parts I. & II. in one vol. new edit. 12mo. 6s.—Sacred Classics, Vol. XXIV. (Taylor's Life of Christ, Vol. III.) 8vo. 3s.—Blunt on the Articles, 4th edit. 12mo. 6s.—Berin's Christmas Stories, 4th edit. 12mo. 2s. 6d.—The Cottager's Monthly Visitor, for 1855, 12mo. 4s. 6d.; 4s. 6d. hlf.-bd.—A Commentary on the Order for the Burial of the Dead, by the Rev. W. Greswell, 2 vols. 8vo. 18s.—Smith's Epitome of Patents, 12mo. 5s.—History of the Moral Science, by R. Blakey, 2nd edit. 8vo. 12s.—Dissertations on Ethical and Physical Science, by Stewart, Mackintosh, Playfair, and Leslie, 4to. 11. 16s.—A Course of Lectures on Civil Establishments of Religion, delivered in Edinburgh, new edit. 12mo. 5s. 6d.—Encyclopædia Britannica, Vol. XII. Part I. 4to. 18s.—Bull's System of Veterinary Instruction, 8vo. 6s.—O'Conor's Inquiry into the Points of Difference between the Roman Catholic and Protestant Churches, 8vo. 6s.—Chambers's Educational Course, 'History of the English Language and Literature,' by Robert Chambers, 12mo. 2s. 6d. cloth.—Chambers's Educational Course, 'Infant Education,' 12mo. 2s.—Anecdotes of Books and Authors, 16mo. 2s. 6d.—Embroidered Facts, by Mr. Alfred Barnard, square, 4s.—Wright's Comic Sections, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Hansard's Debates, Vol. XXIX. 3rd Series, being Vol. V. of Session 1853, 8vo. 14. 10s. bds.; 14. 13s. hlf.-bd.—Pickering's Statutes, 5 Will. 4, 8vo. 18s.—Zarandi, a Poem in three Cantos, 12mo. 2s. 6d.—Blomfield's Greek Testament, 2nd edit. 2 vols. 8vo. 2l.—Tables of the Revenue, Part IV. folio, 14. 10s.—Select Cases decided by Lord Brougham in the Court of Chancery, in 1853-54, Edited by C. P. Cooper, Esq. Vol. I. royal 8vo. 24s.—A Practical Treatise on the Poor Laws, with Appendix, by F. B. Leigh, Esq. 12mo. 20s.—Watson's New Botanical Guide, (England and Wales), 12mo. 10s. 6d.—An Introduction to the Composition of Latin Verse, by C. Rapiet, A.B. 8vo. 7s. 6d.—Natural Evidence of a Future Life, by F. C. Bakewell, 8vo. 12s.—Stafford on Strictures of the Uterus, 3rd edit. 8vo. 9s.—On the Mental Illumination and Moral Improvement of Man-kind, by Thomas Dick, L.L.D. 12mo. 8s.—The Young Man's Book of Piety, royal 32mo. 3s.—The Nun's Picture, by Roche, 3 vols. post 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d.—The Sister of Charity, and other Poems, by Edward Farhill, post 8vo. 7s. 6d.—The Florist's Cultivator, by Thomas Willats, Esq. 12mo. 7s. 6d.—The Landscape Gardener, by J. Dennis, B.C.L. 8vo. 6s. plain; 9s. col.—Smith's Railway Map, in case, 3s.

## ADVERTISEMENTS

## INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.

THE MEETINGS for the SESSION 1853-54, will COMMENCE on MONDAY NEXT, the 14th of December, at 8 o'clock p.m.—Copies of the Rules and Regulations, and of the Series of Architectural Questions published by the Institute, may be had on application to  
THOS. L. DONALDSON, } Honorary Secretaries.  
JOHN GOLDLUTT, }

43, King-street, Covent-garden.  
**CHESSE TAUGHT.**—MR. GEORGE WALKER, Author of several Works on Chess, informs the Nobility and Gentry that he GIVES LESSONS on the speediest Method of attaining this scientific and fashionable Accomplishment.—For cards of address, and terms (which are moderate), apply to Messrs. Walker, Music Warehouse, 17, Soho-square.

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Apply, by letter only (post paid), to A. B., care of Mr. Crouch, Bookbinder, Crown-court, Dorset-street, Fleet-street.

## Sales by Auction.

COLLECTIONS OF PICTURES FROM FRANCE AND SPAIN.

**MESSRS. E. FOSTER AND SON** respectfully announce that they will SELL BY AUCTION, at the Gallery, 34, Pall Mall, on MONDAY, 14th December, and following day, at 12, (by order of the Importer),

A VERY EXTENSIVE COLLECTION OF PICTURES,

Of the ITALIAN, SPANISH, FLEMISH, and DUTCH Schools;

Including the Works of  
Murillo Velasquez, Poussin, Boucher, G. Dow, Camille, Géricault, Raffaele, Ostade, Wouvermans, R. de Tolede, Canaletti, Dettum, Van Huisman.

May be viewed until the Sale, and Catalogues had at Messrs. Fosters' Offices, 14, Greek-street, and 54, Pall Mall.

COLLECTION OF SHELLS, MINERALS, STUFFED BIRDS, CASES OF INSECTS, ANTIQUARIAN CASTS IN PLASTER, MATHEMATICAL AND SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS, PEDAL HARP, &c.

By Messrs. SOUTHGATE and SON, at their Weekly Sale Rooms, 22, Fleet-street, on TUESDAY, December 15,

CONSISTING of very fine and perfect Specimens of Cyprus Aurantiæ, Paper Nautia, Pinnæ, with rare Specimens of Velata, Bivalves, Molluscs, Cyprina, and other Shells—Several Boxes of Minerals—A Golden Eagle, and various British and Foreign Birds, in cases—Rare and beautiful Specimens of numerous Tribes of Insects, excellently preserved in glass cases—A few books on Natural History—A Collection of Casts from Architectural Details in Rouen Cathedral, and from ancient Agricultural, Domestic, Scriptural, and Grotesque Designs—Electrifying Machines, small Galvanic Battery, Thermoelectric, Sextant, Galvanic, Telescopes—A Collection of excellent Surgical Instruments, including Cases of Cupping, Dissecting, Tooth, and Midwifery Instruments, &c.—A fine-tuned Pedal Harp, by Graham, &c.

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and following Days, at Half-past 12 o'clock precisely,

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